

POLICE

JULY No. 56

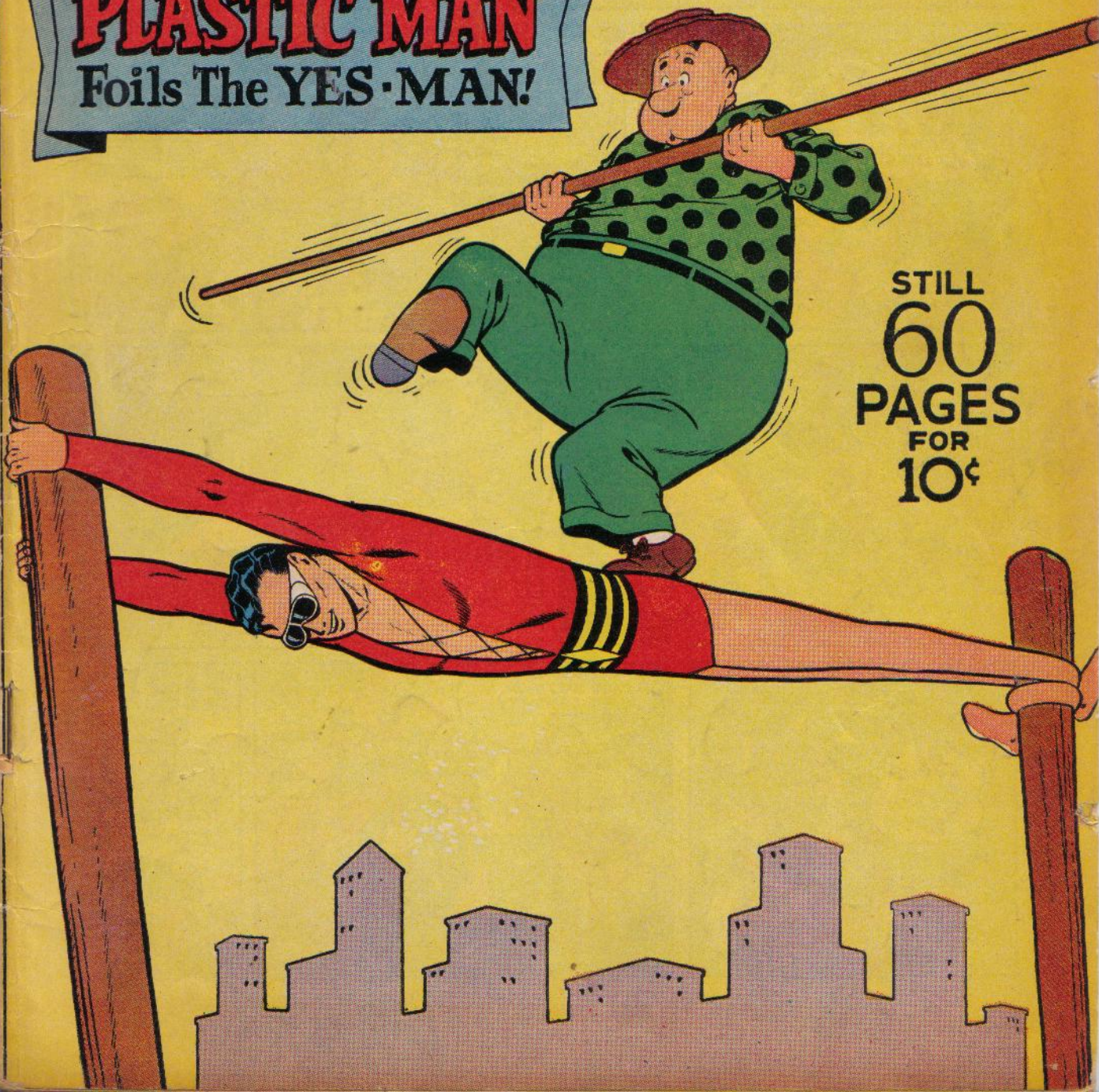
COMICS

24

SM 7 QUALITY COMIC GROUP

PLASTIC MAN
Fools The YES-MAN!

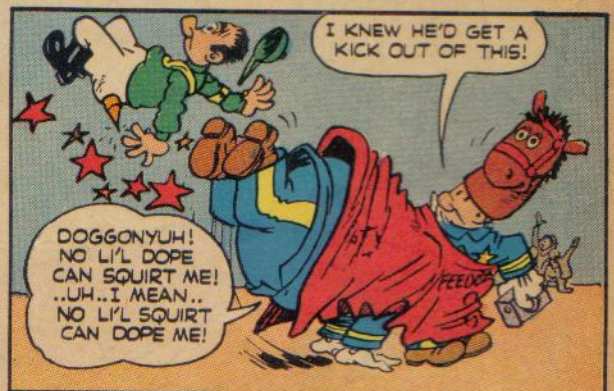
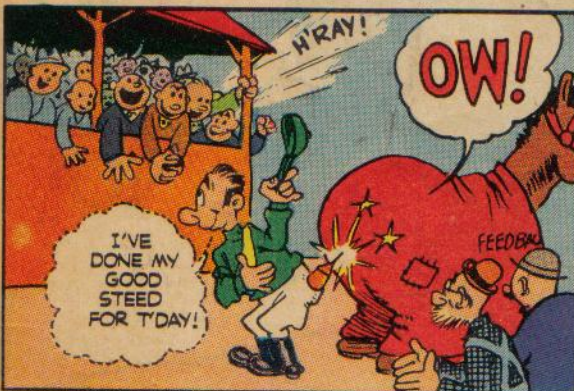
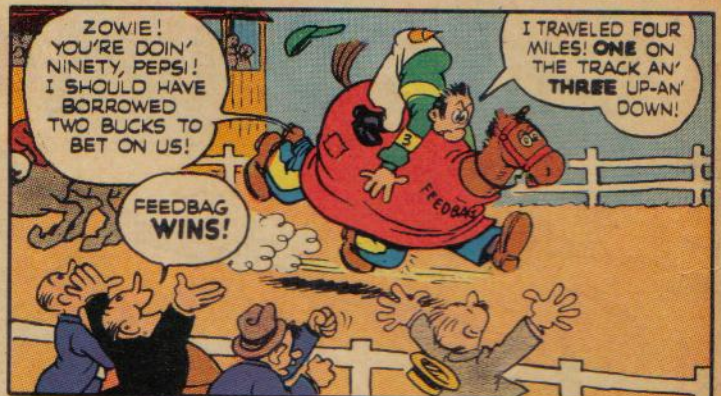
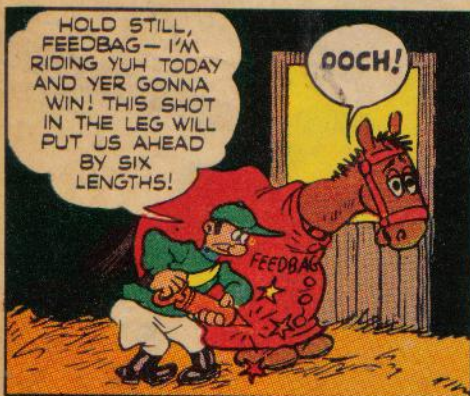
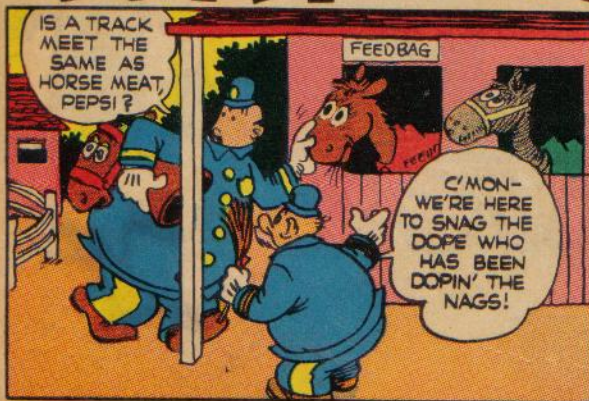
STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



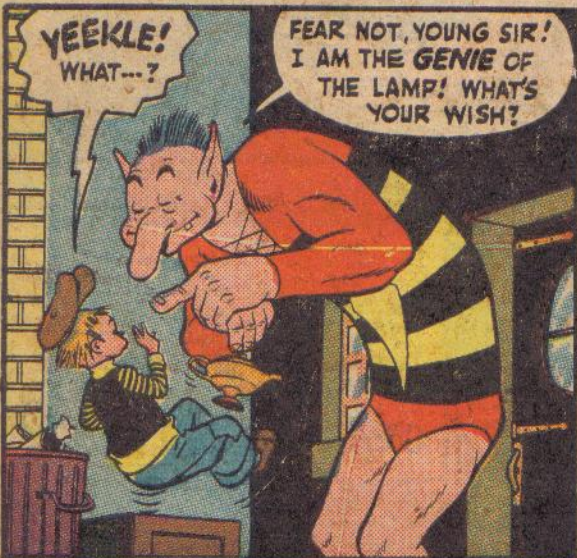
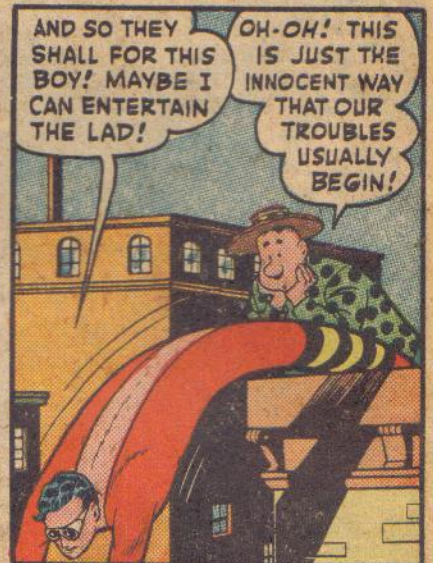
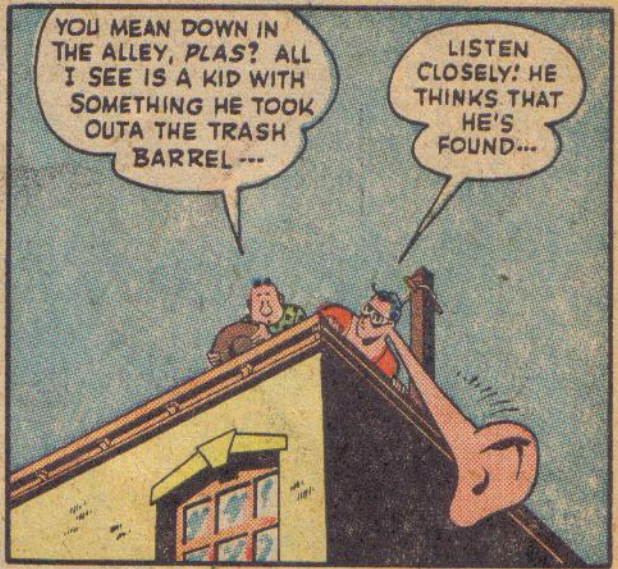
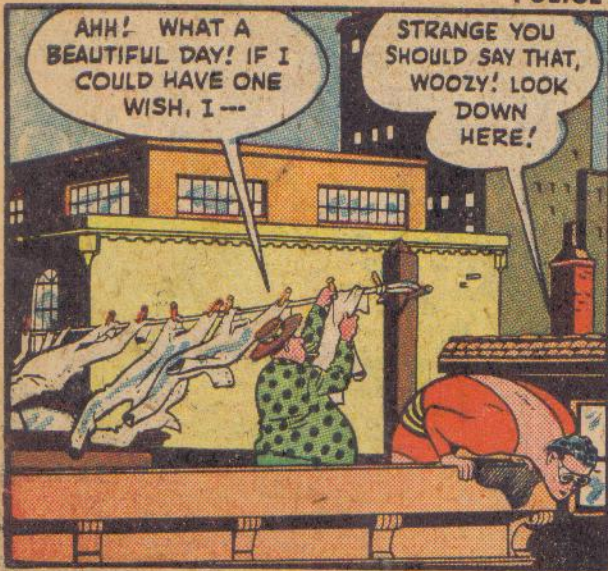
Copyright 1946 Pepsi-Cola Company

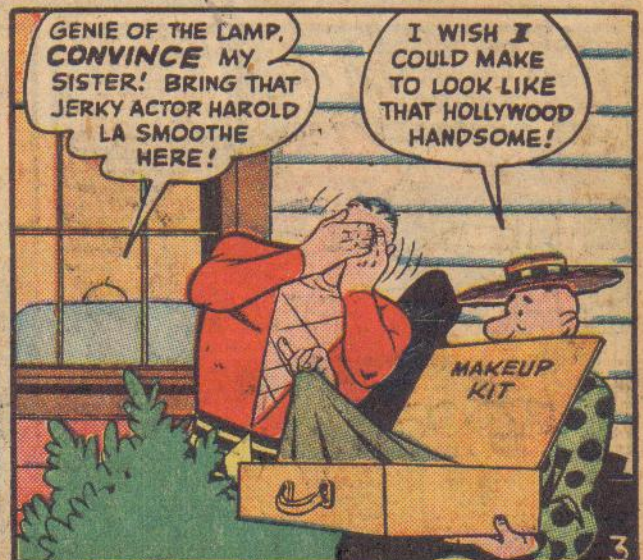
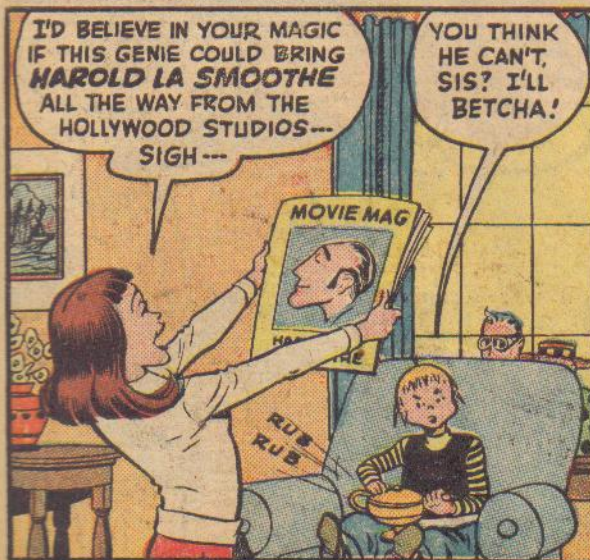
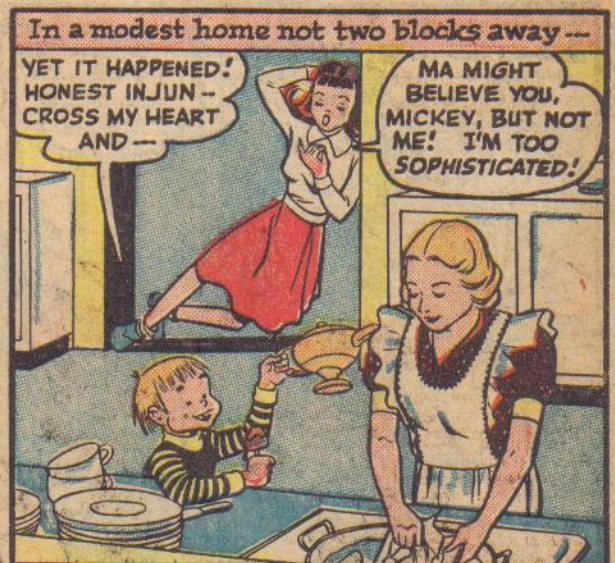
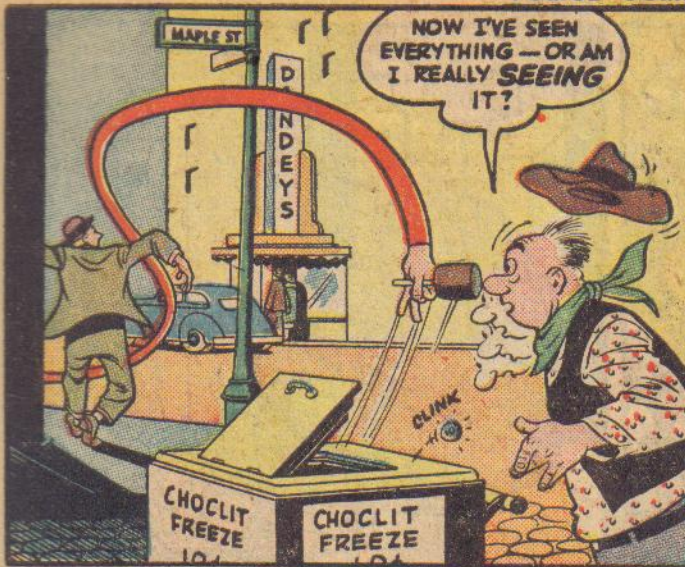


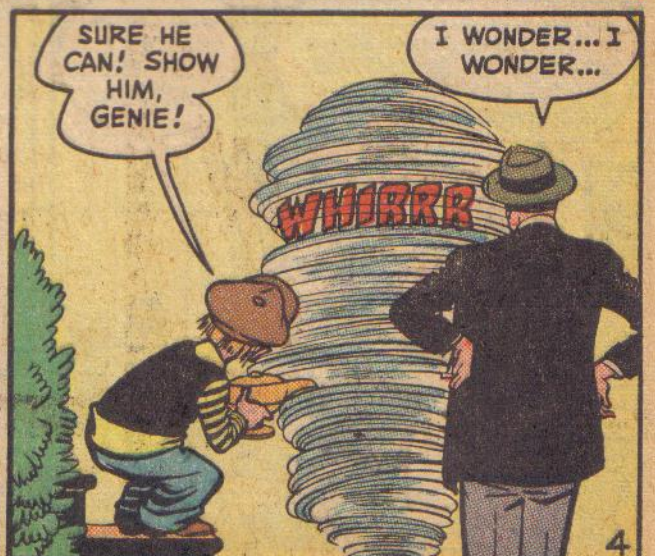
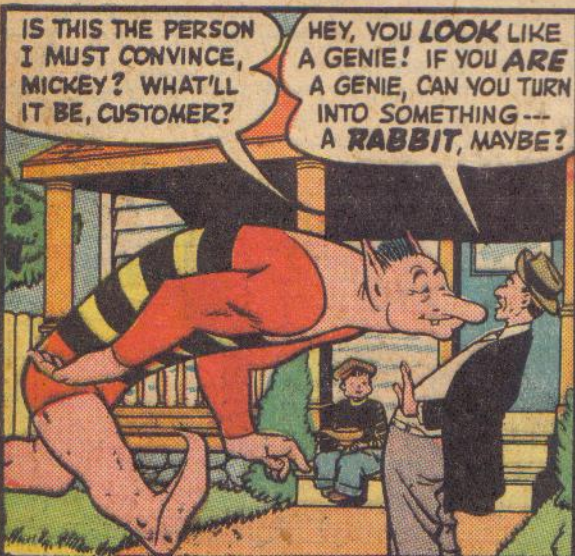
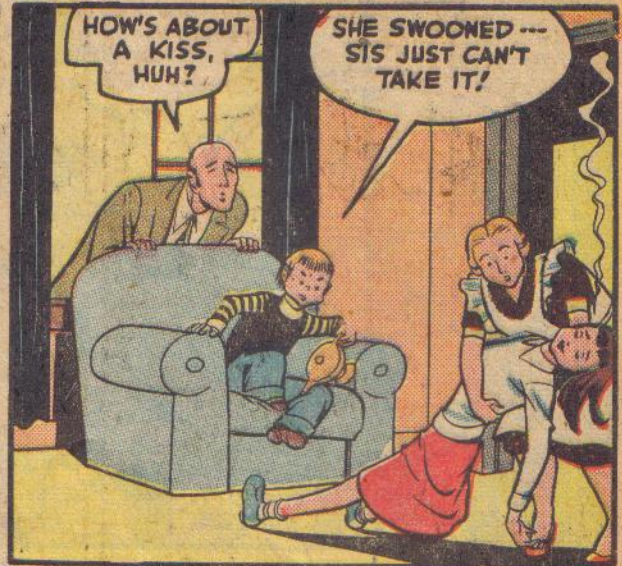
PLASTIC MAN

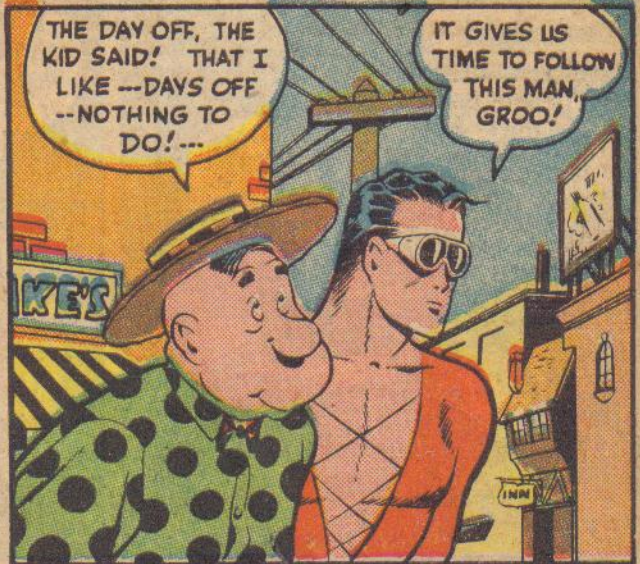
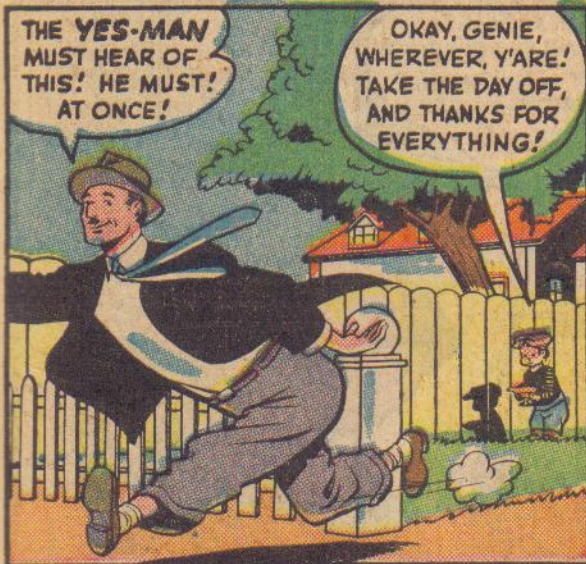


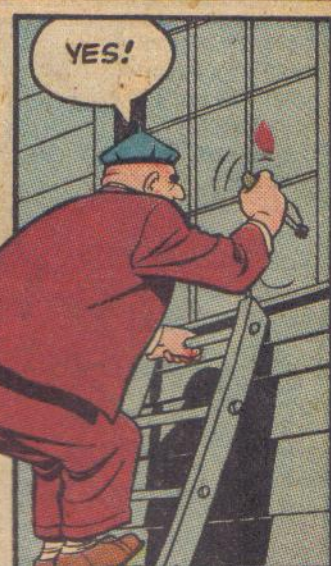
IF YOU BELIEVE IT, IT'S SO ...
EVEN STRANGE MAGIC!!!
Here's an aspect of Aladdin's
lamp never told before ...
From the angle of the
OVERWORKED GENIE!

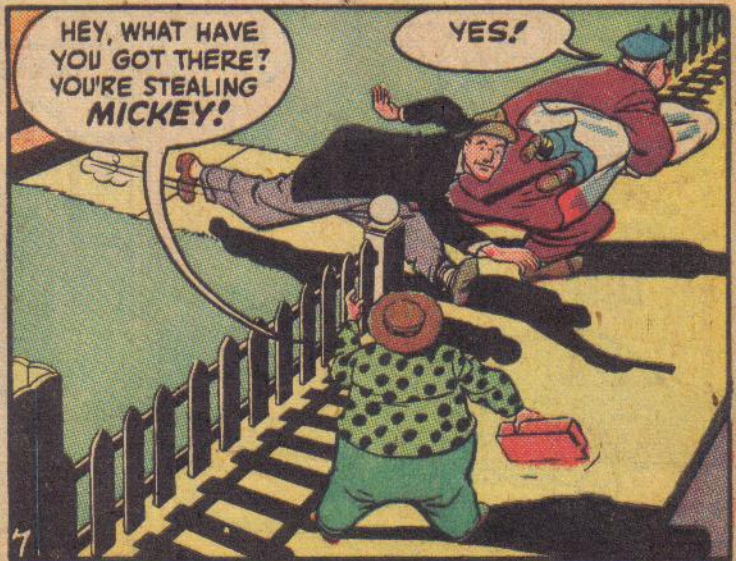
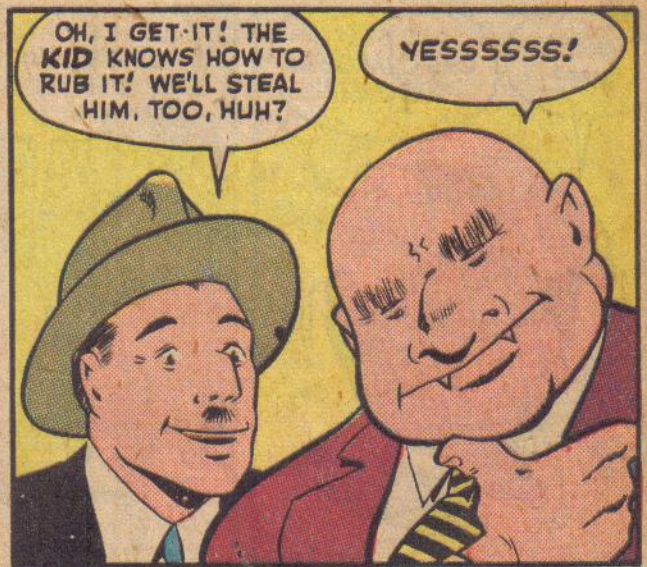
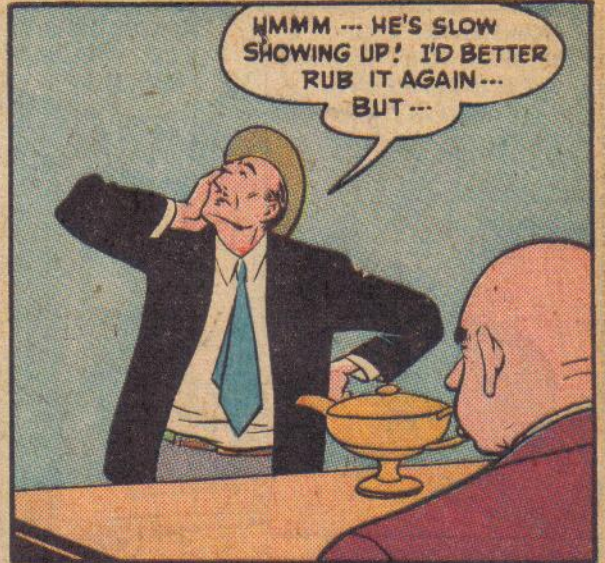
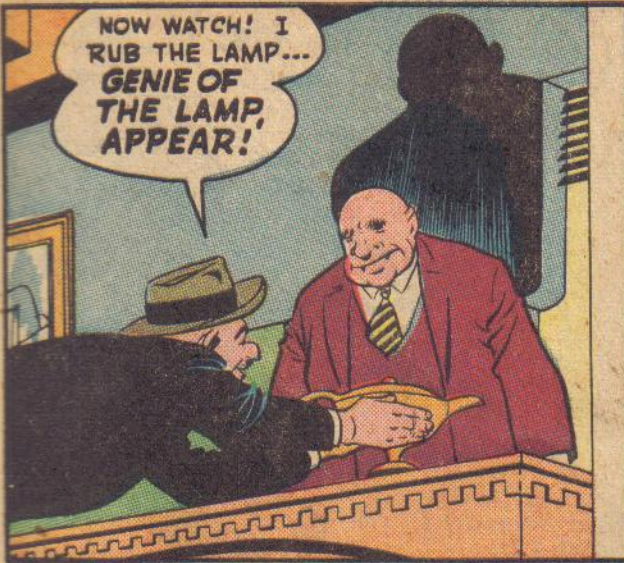


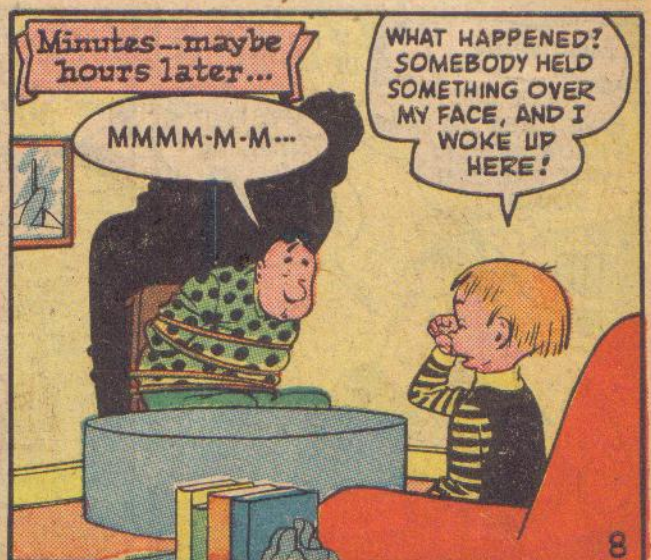
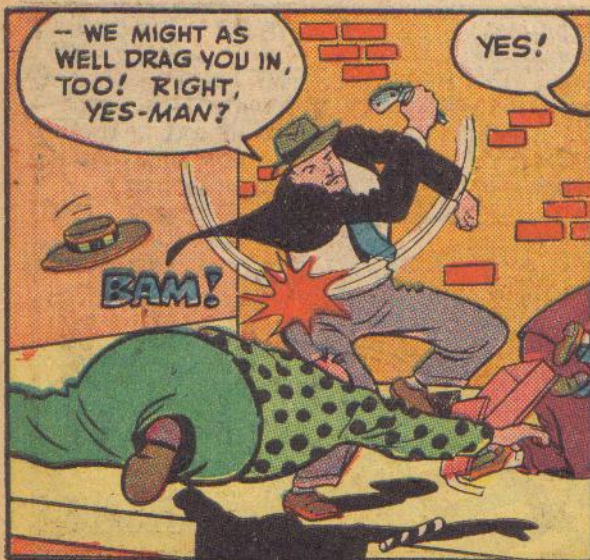
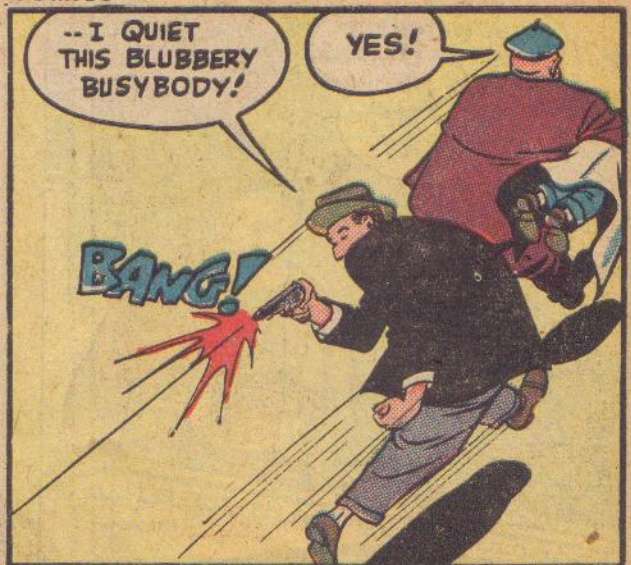
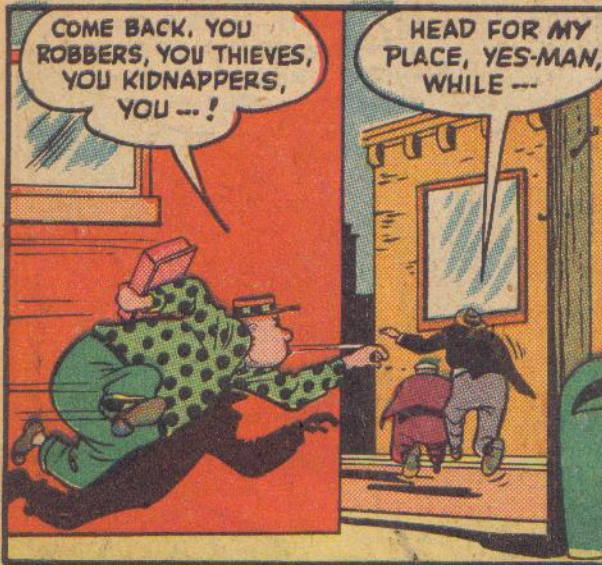


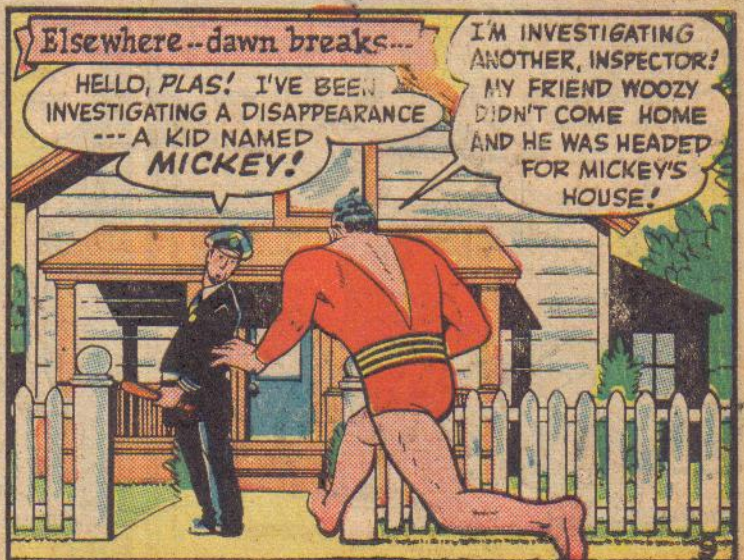
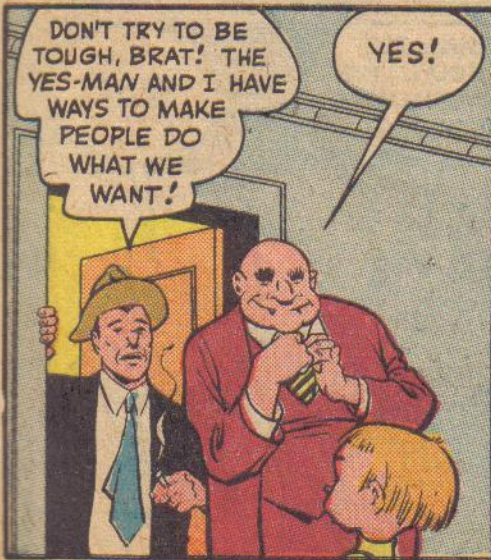
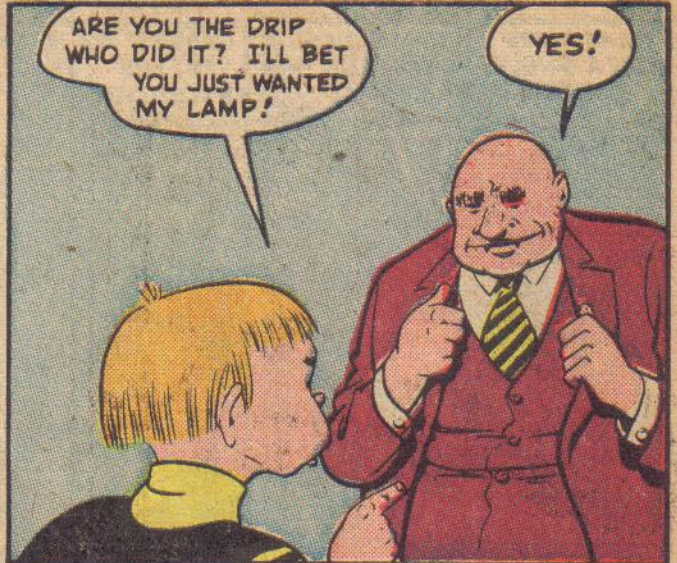
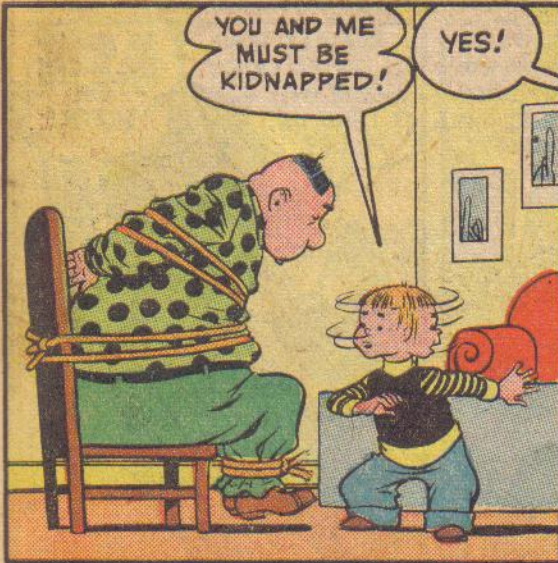




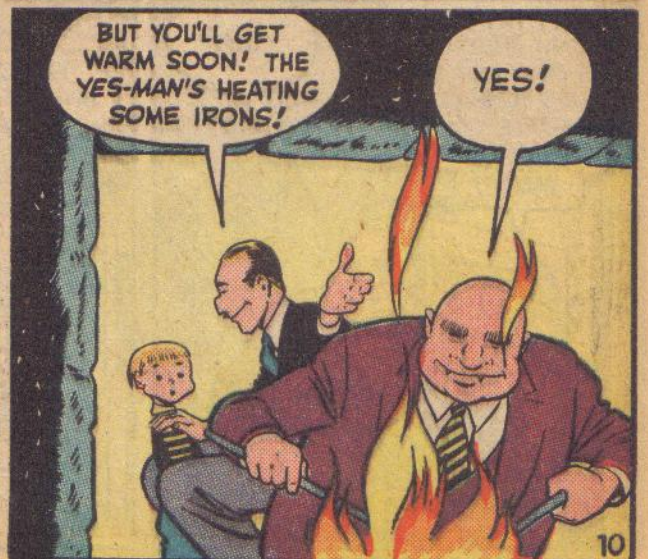
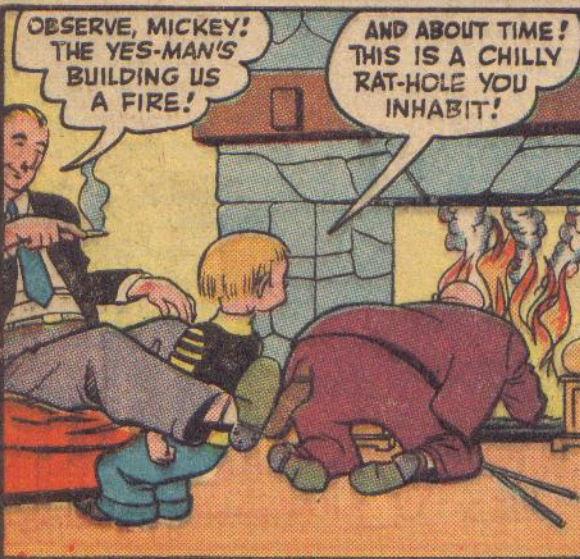
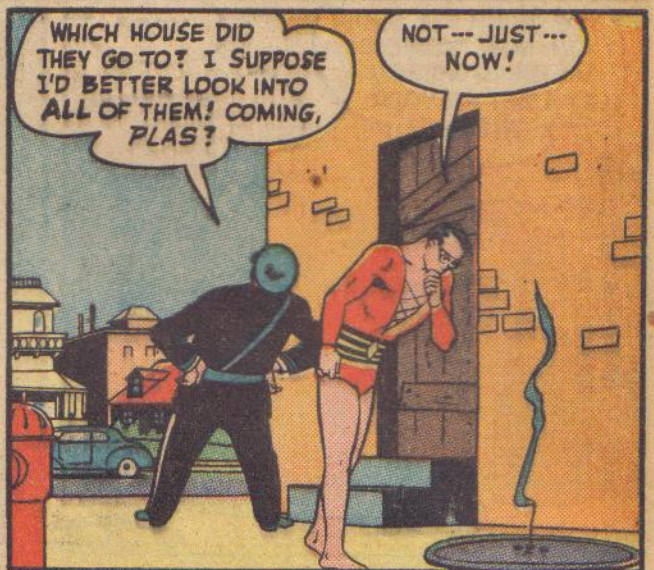
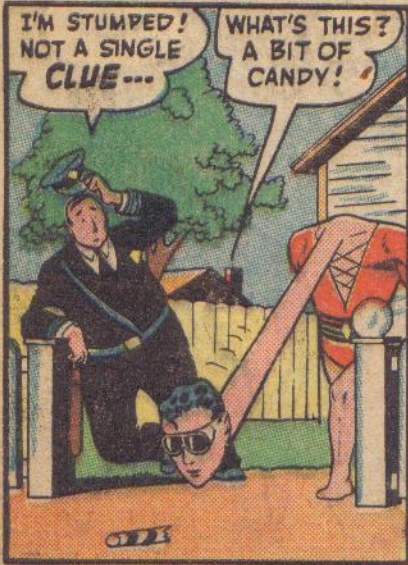


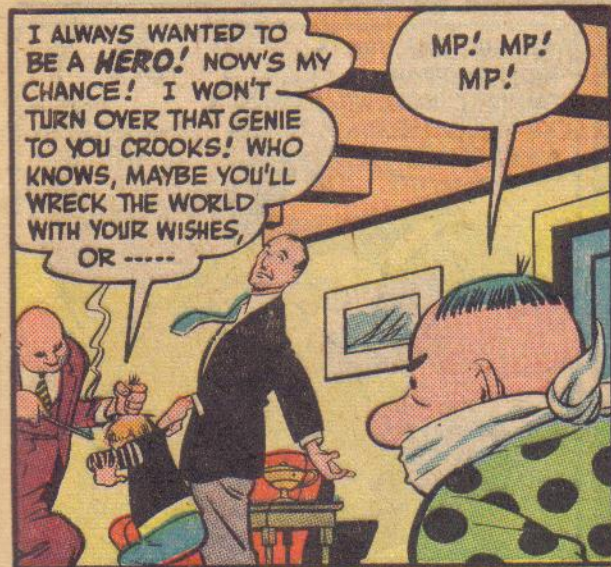


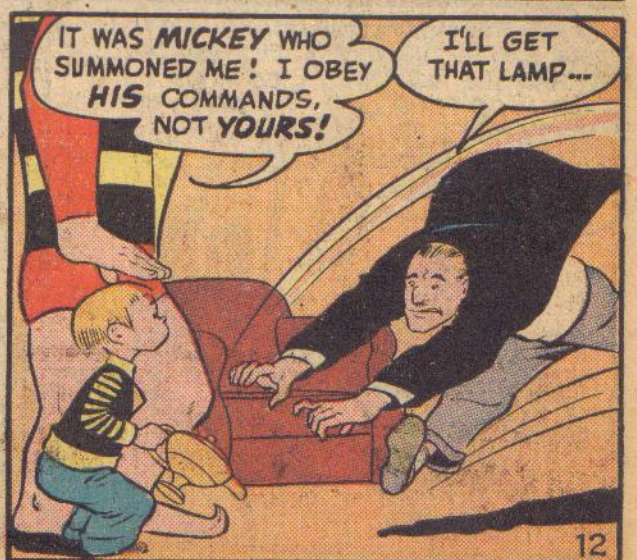
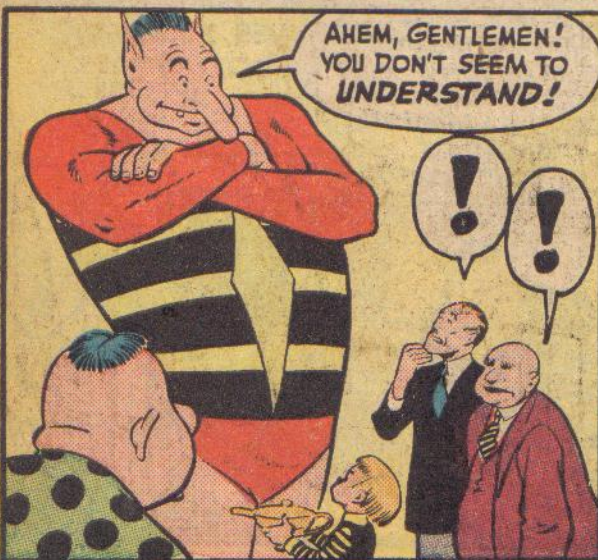
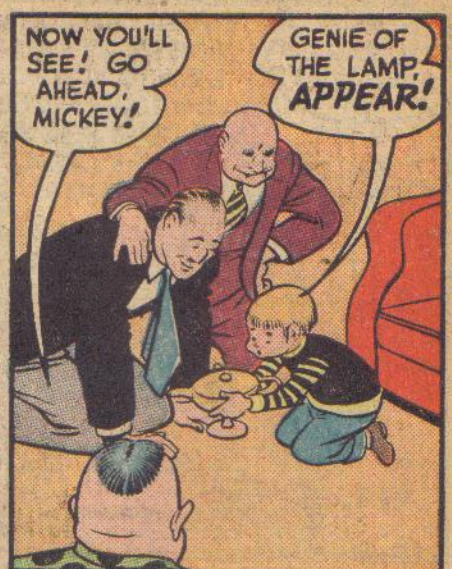


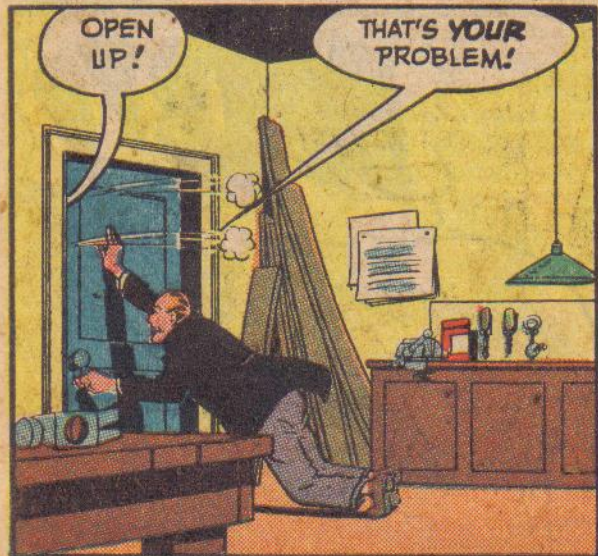
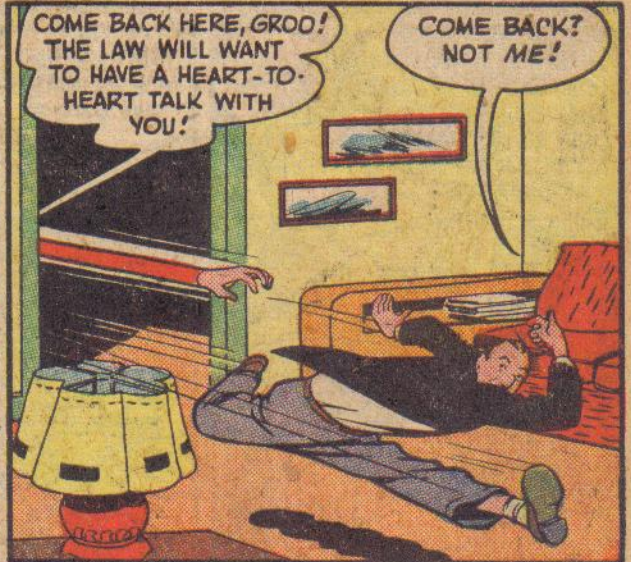
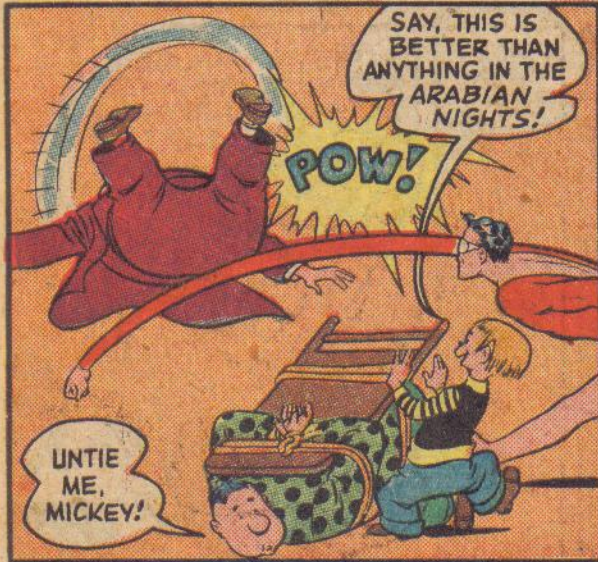
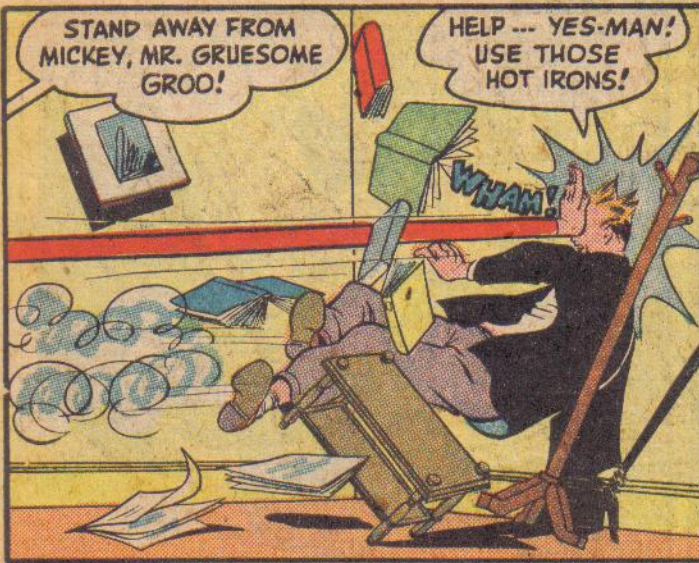


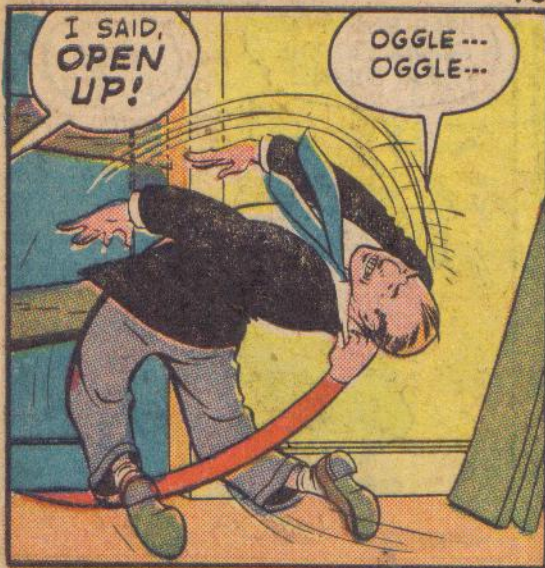
POLICE COMICS



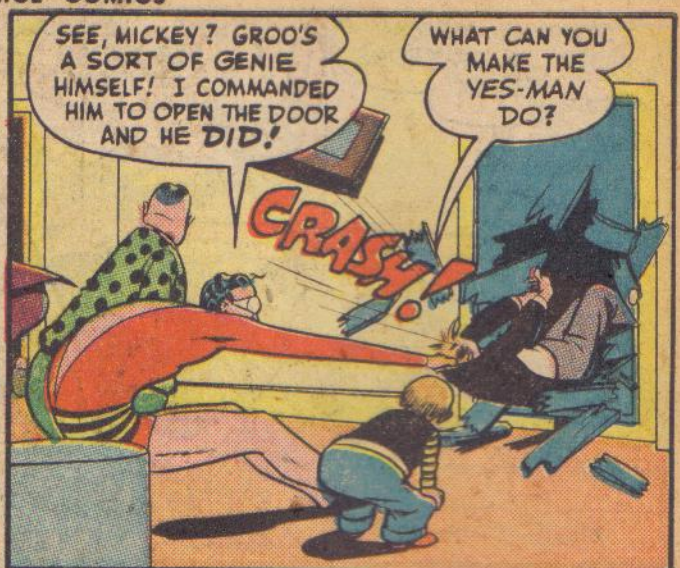








OGGLE...
OGGLE...



SEE, MICKEY? GROO'S
A SORT OF GENIE
HIMSELF! I COMMANDED
HIM TO OPEN THE DOOR
AND HE DID!

WHAT CAN YOU
MAKE THE
YES-MAN
DO?



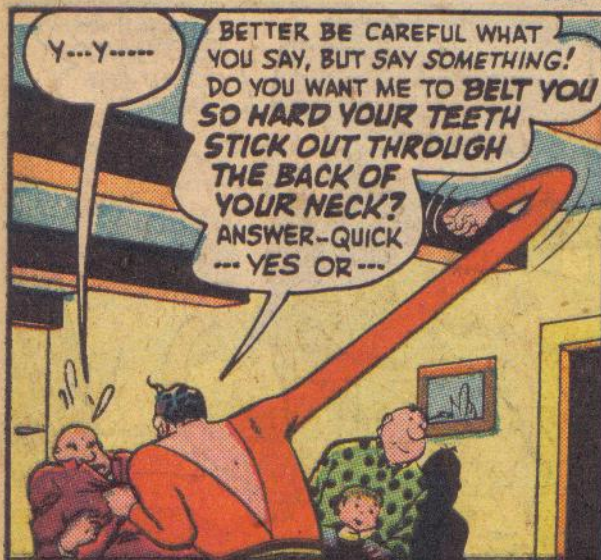
I'LL DO WONDERS
WITH HIM, TOO! LOOK,
LOBHEAD, IS IT TRUE
THAT YOU SPEAK
ONLY **ONE** WORD--
ACCENTUATING THE
AFFIRMATIVE?



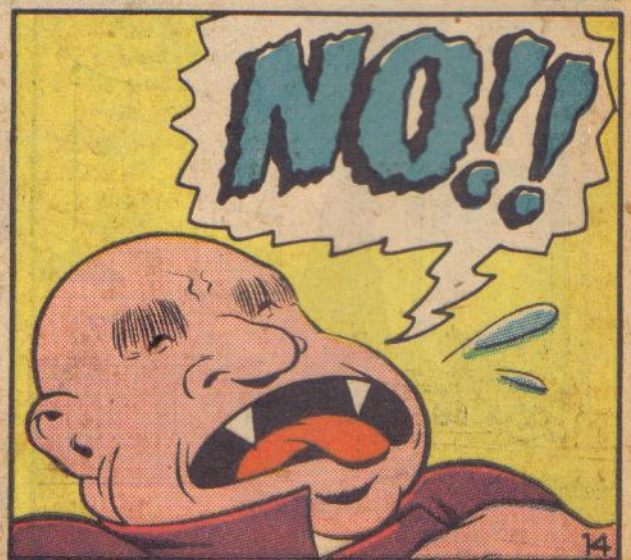
IT'S TRUE,
ISN'T IT, THAT
YOU ALWAYS
SAY YES?

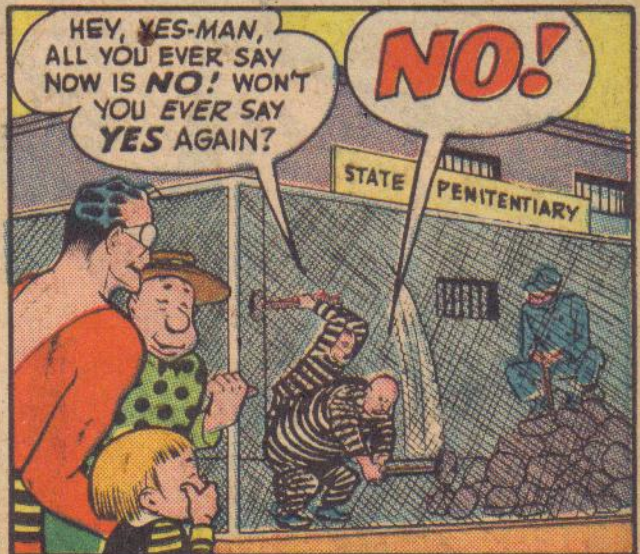
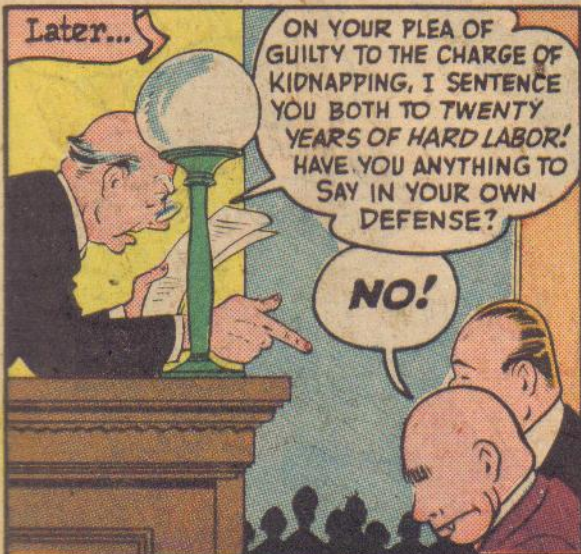
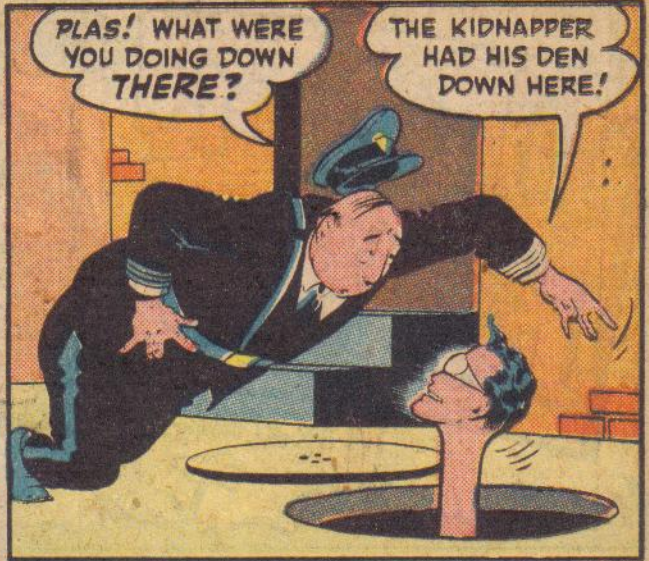
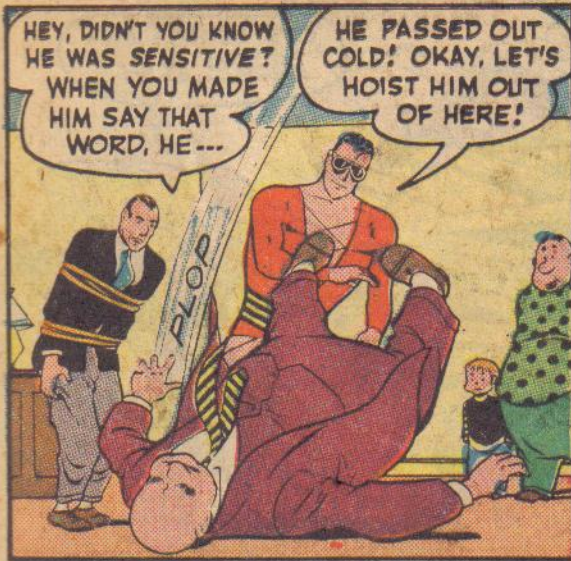


THIS
I'VE GOT
TO SEE!



Y...Y----



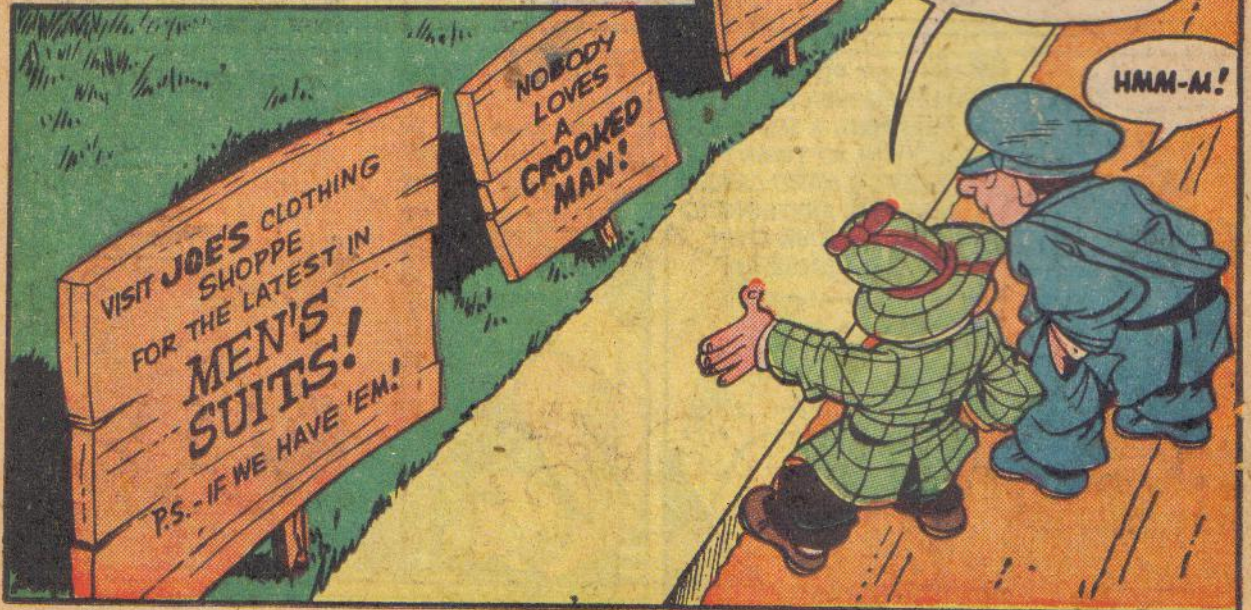
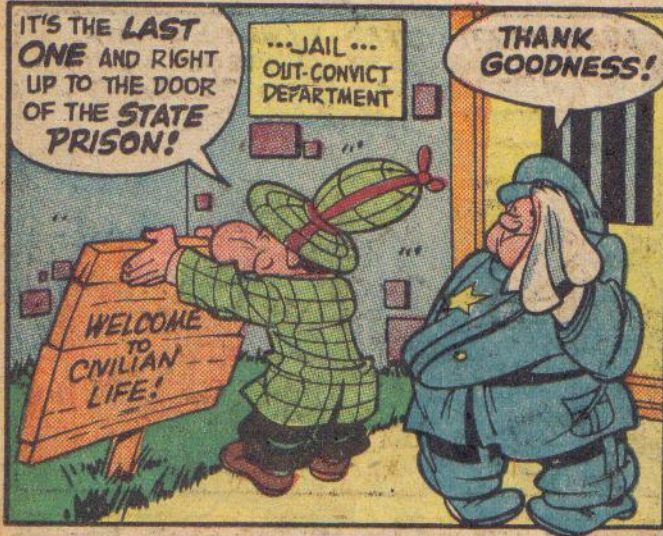


Flatfoot Burns

by AL STALL

WHEW!

ONE MORE SIGN
HERE, CHIEF!



MR. BURNS! WE'RE READY FOR THE EXPERIMENT!

AH-H! WARDEN WILLIAMS!

HMM-MM! YOU'VE RELEASED SAFER SID, THE NOTED SAFE-CRACKER? GOOD!

YEP! HE'S SERVED HIS TEN YEAR SENTENCE AND PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY!

WELCOME TO CIVILIAN LIFE!

ONE MOMENT, SAFER! I'D LIKE TO START YOU ON THE ROAD TO BECOMING A GOOD CITIZEN!

HUH??

GO AWAY, FLATFOOT! I'M NOT TALKING!

WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!

GOSH?

PERMIT ME TO PIN THIS HONORABLE PRISON DISCHARGE BUTTON ON YOU!...

...PRESENTED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT FOR TEN YEARS OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE ON THE ROCK PILE!

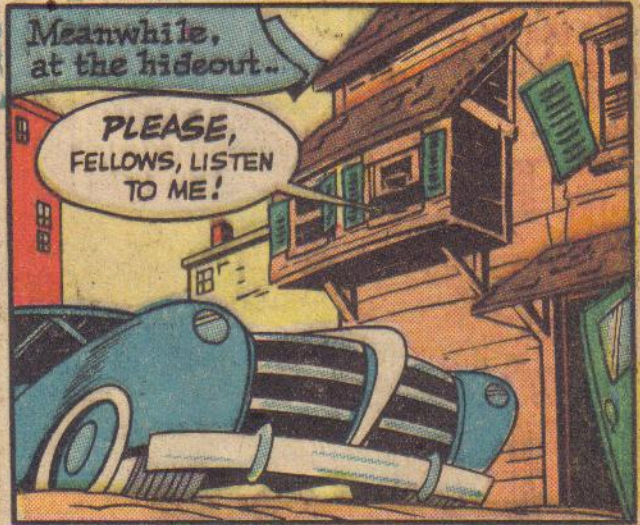
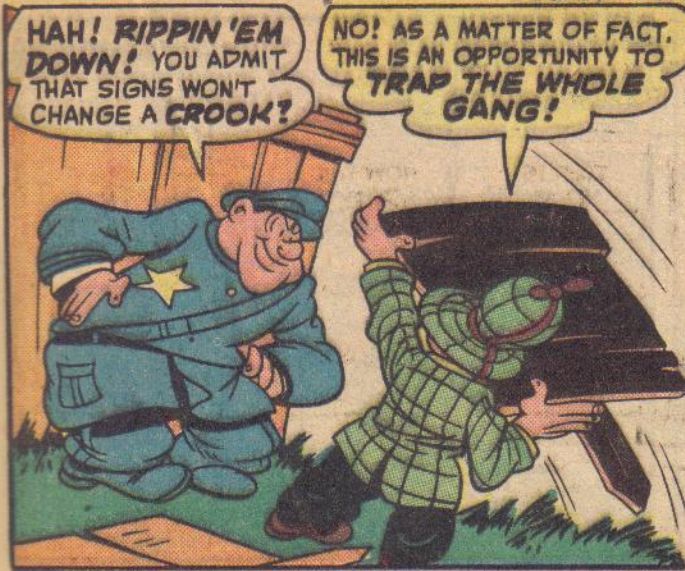
YOU SEE, SAFER, I HAVE YOUR INTERESTS AT HEART! I WANT YOU TO GO STRAIGHT!

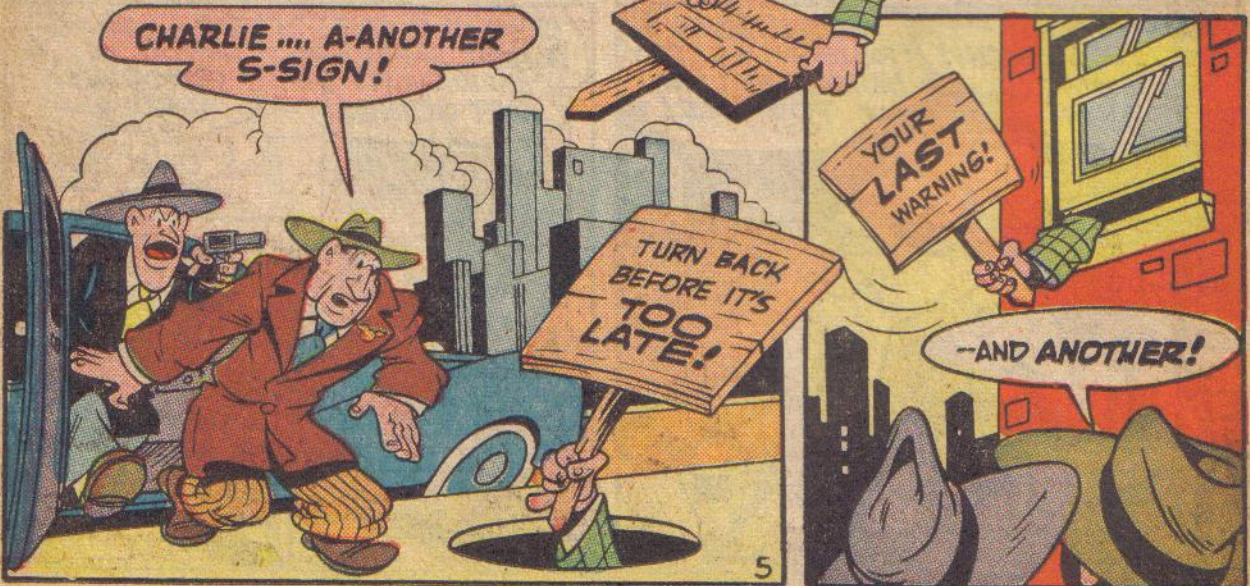
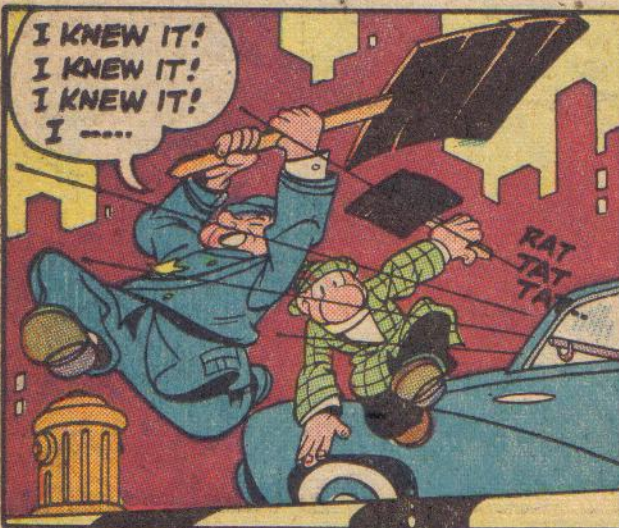
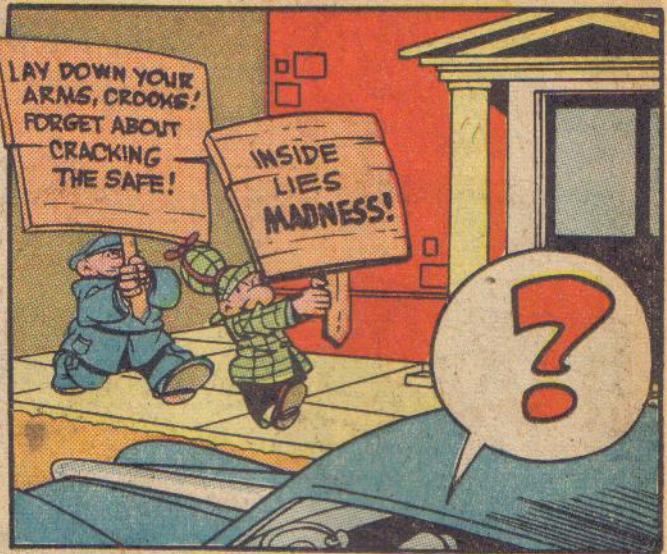
CHEE, FLATFOOT!

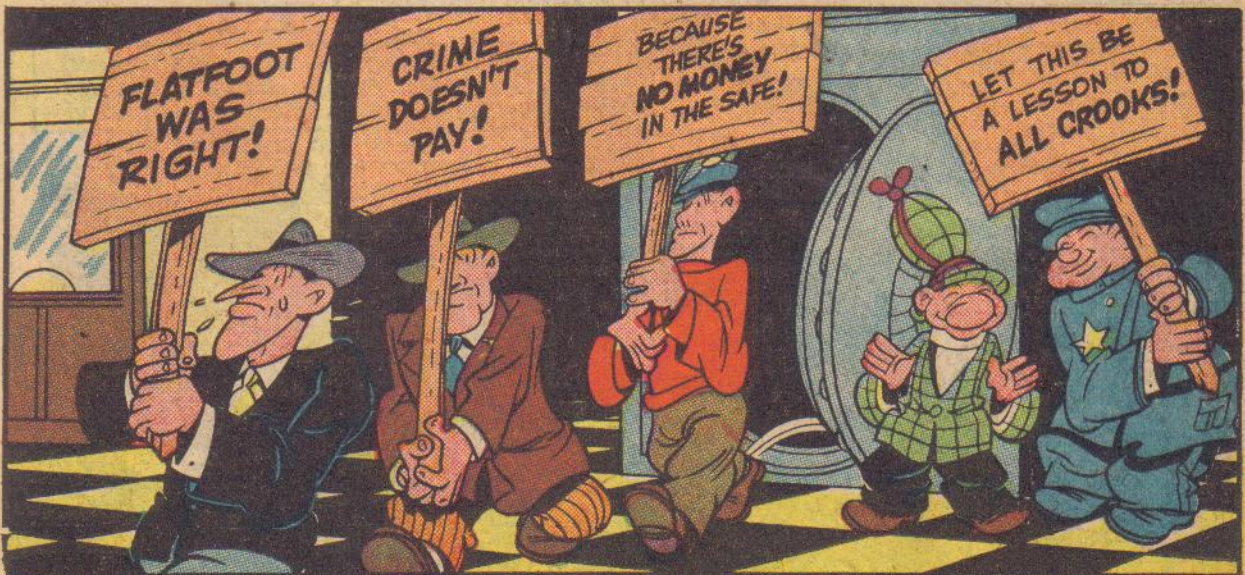
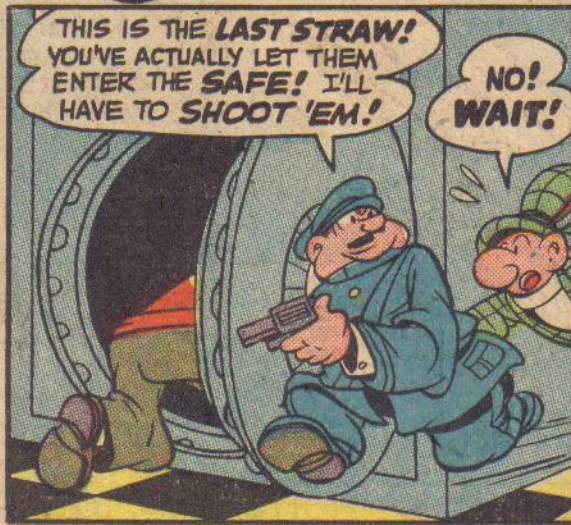
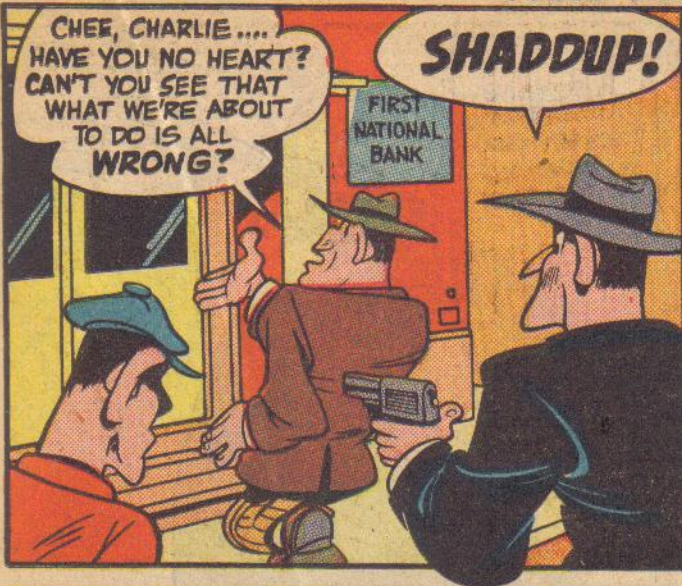
HONORABLE DISCHARGE BUTTON

POLICE COMICS









THE HUMAN BOMB



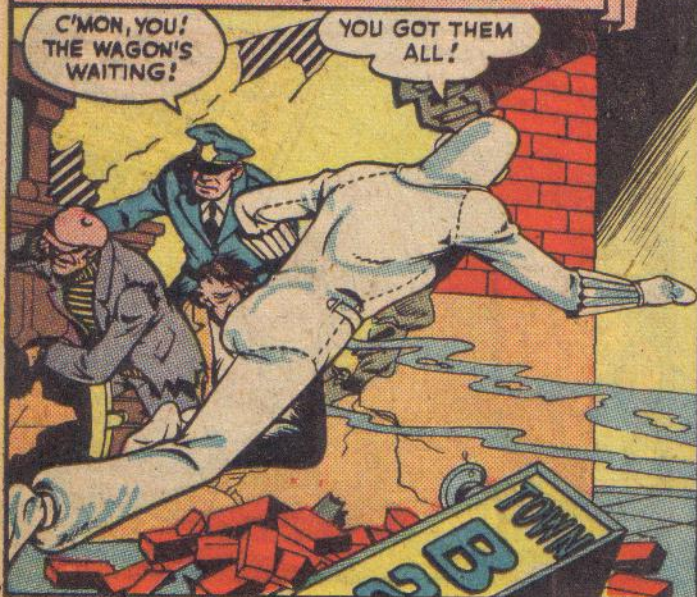
Fire in the Sky!

The Human Bomb is out on the trail of an **EVIL STAR OF CRIME!**

Oh, yes— Hustace Throckmorton, too—



The end of a Human Bomb adventure -- a den of crime smashed! The police take over ---



No, not all! One outlaw has avoided capture --- Yarboe, once a scientist-scholar... now a scientist-scoundrel ---

A TOUCH OF THAT CREATURE'S HAND EXPLODED THIS WALL! NEVER WAS THERE SUCH A **BLAST!**

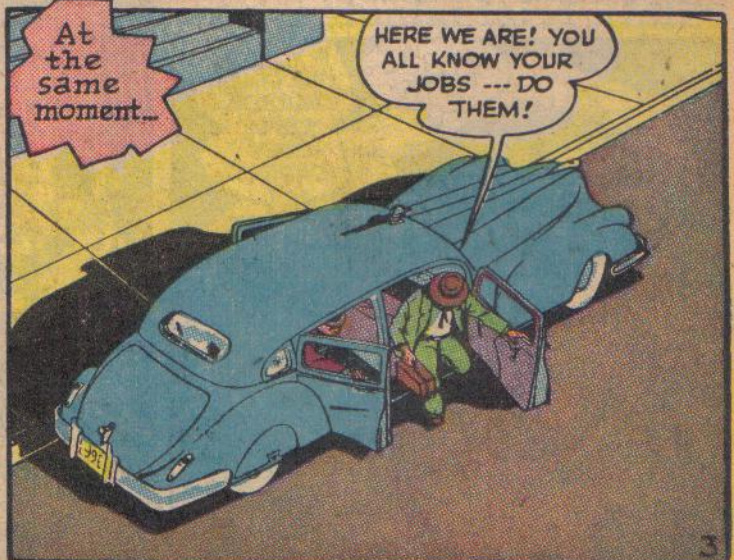
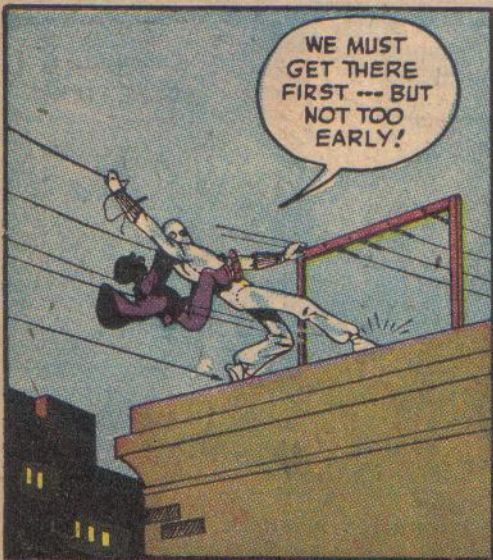
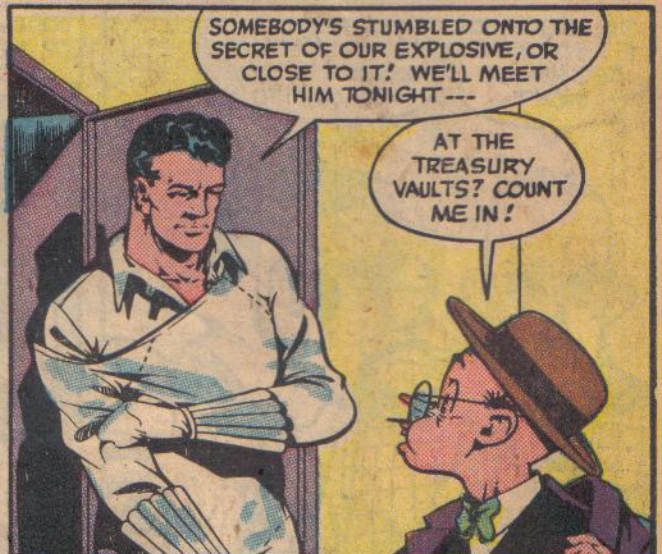


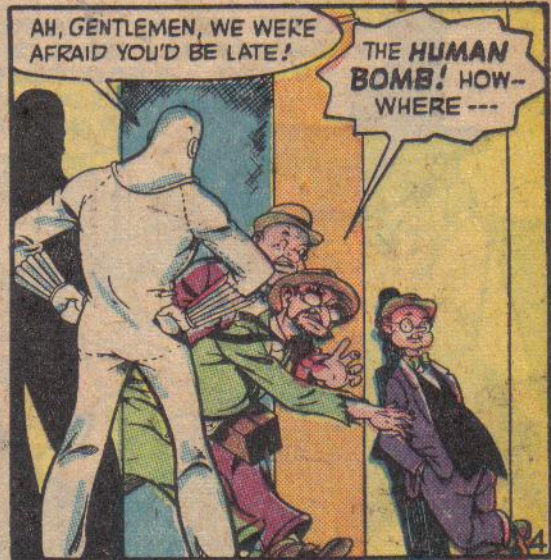
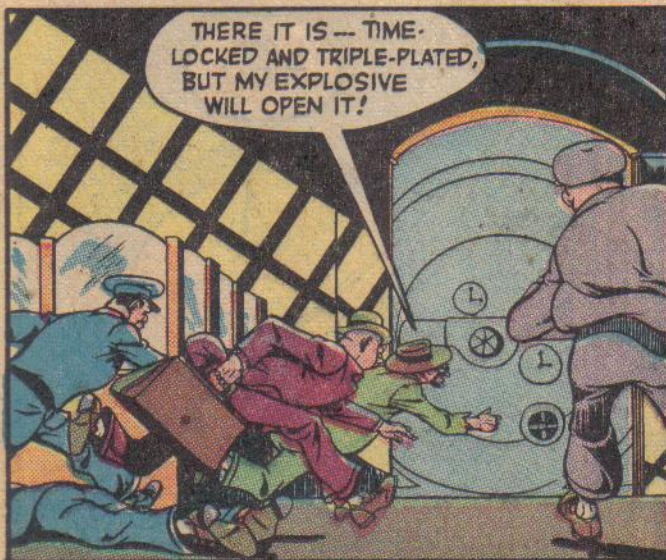
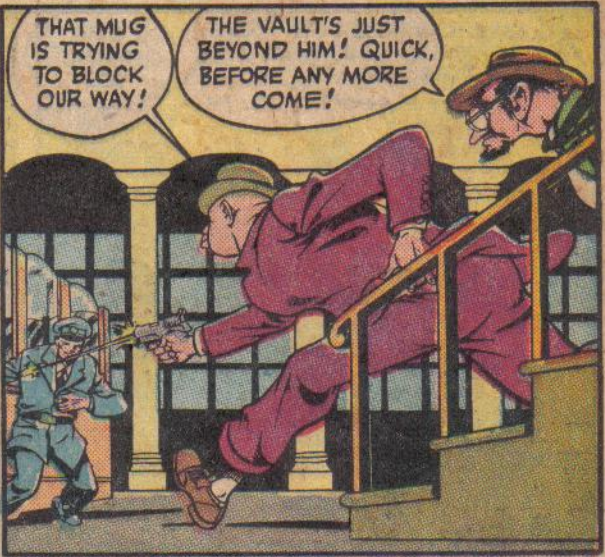
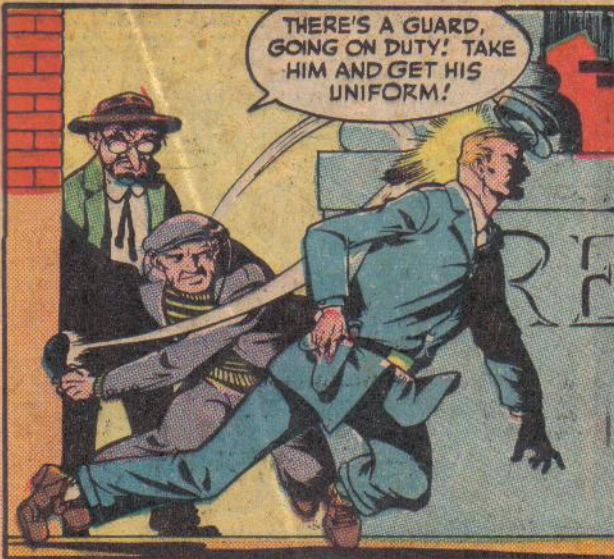
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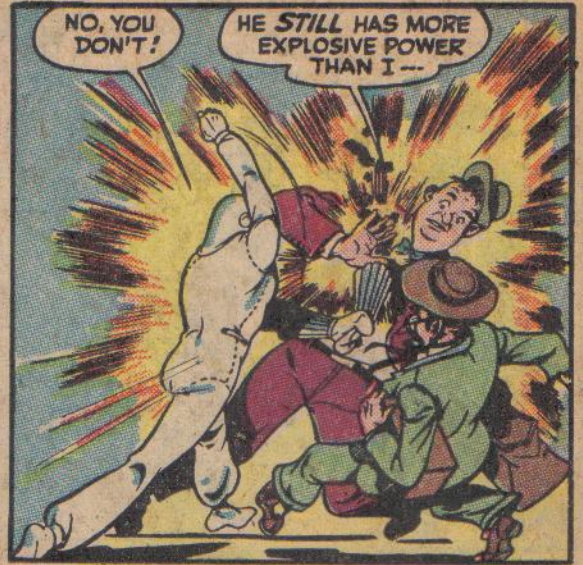
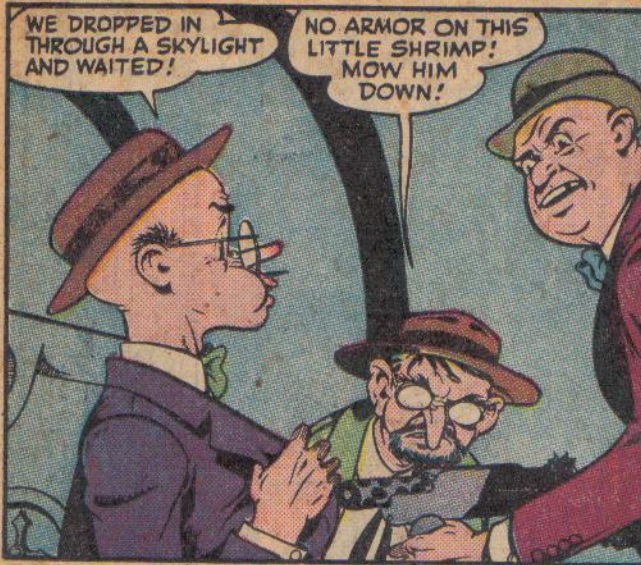


Within brief minutes...









Hustace has followed the fugitive to his laboratory....

I'LL SNEAK CLOSE AND---

THAT'S NOT NECESSARY! I'VE WATCHED YOU SHADOWING ME!



LOOK OUT! I'VE GOT BOMB POWER IN MY FEET!

IF SO, I CAN EXPERIMENT AND PERFECT MY OWN FORMULA!



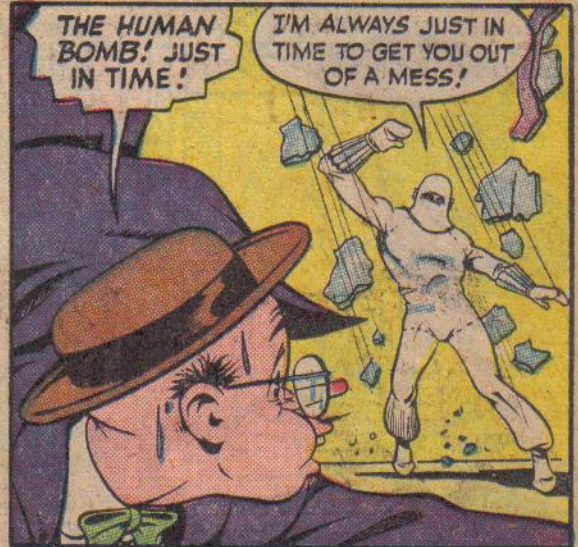
HEY! -- I WAS ONLY KIDDING!

I WASN'T! I'LL TAKE A FOOT FOR EXPERIMENTATION!



THE HUMAN BOMB! JUST IN TIME!

I'M ALWAYS JUST IN TIME TO GET YOU OUT OF A MESS!

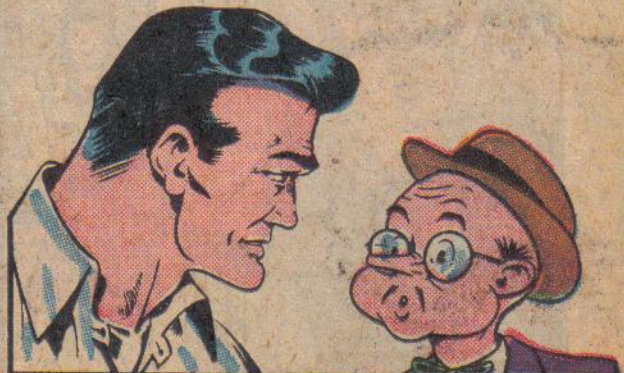


THAT BLAST! YOU WRECKED HIS LABORATORY AND HIM!

I HAD TO, HUSTACE!



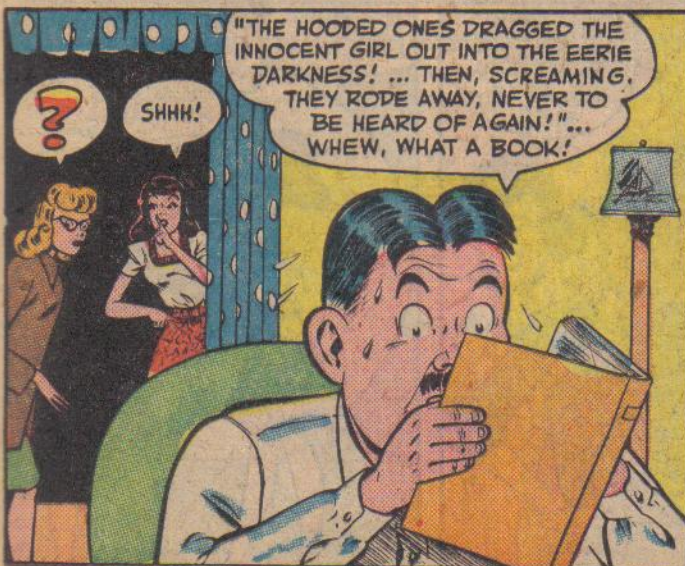
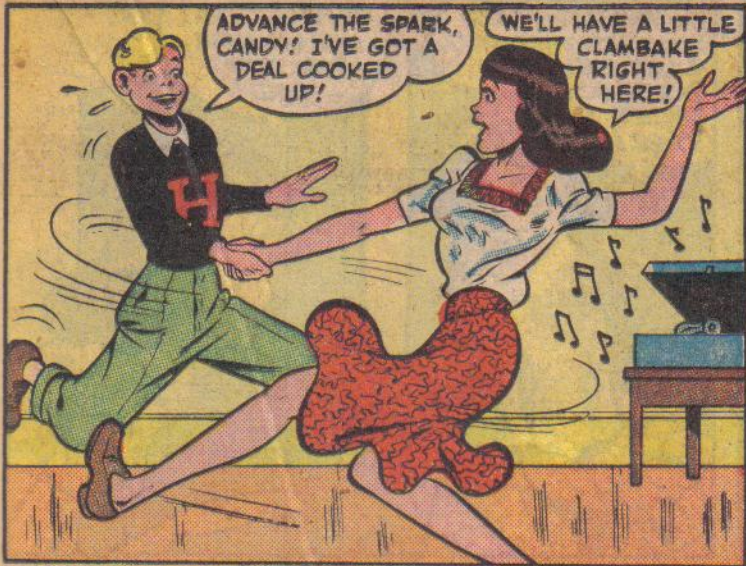
POWER IS A DANGEROUS WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF MEN OF GREED! YARBOE'S MOTIVE WAS DESTRUCTION, BUT HE SUCCEEDED ONLY IN DESTROYING HIMSELF!



CANDY

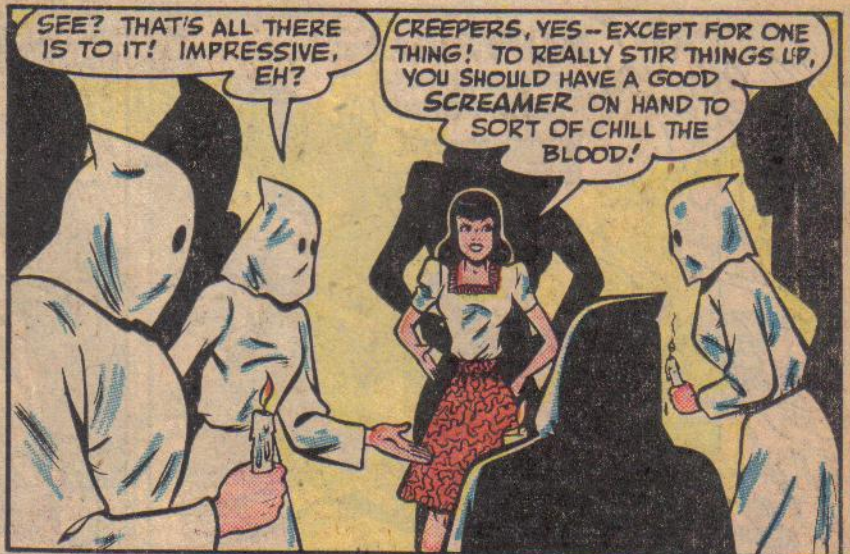


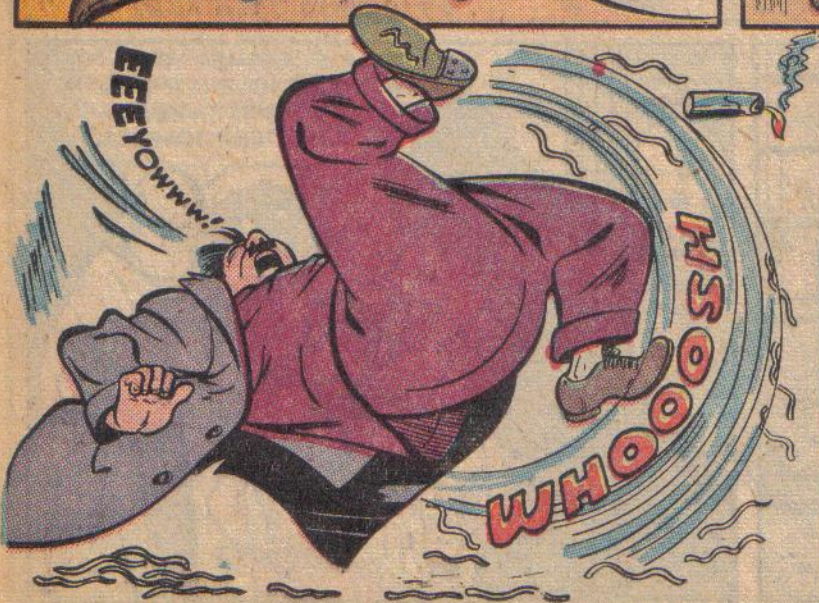
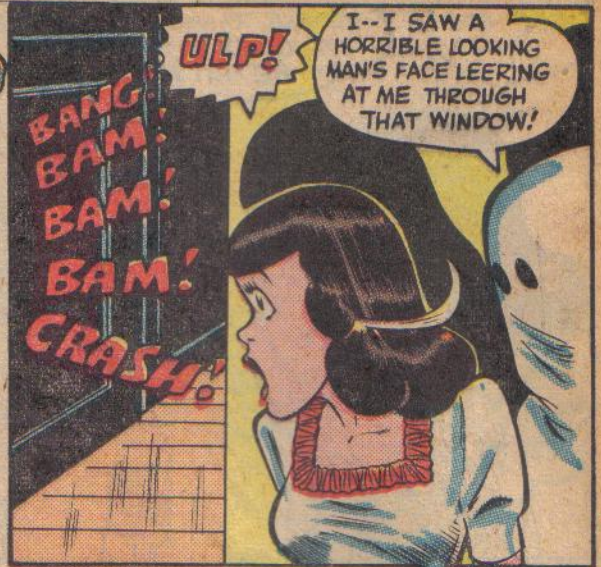
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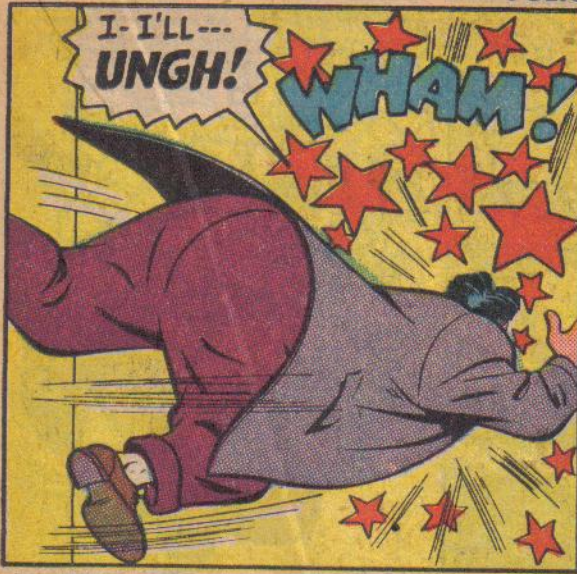


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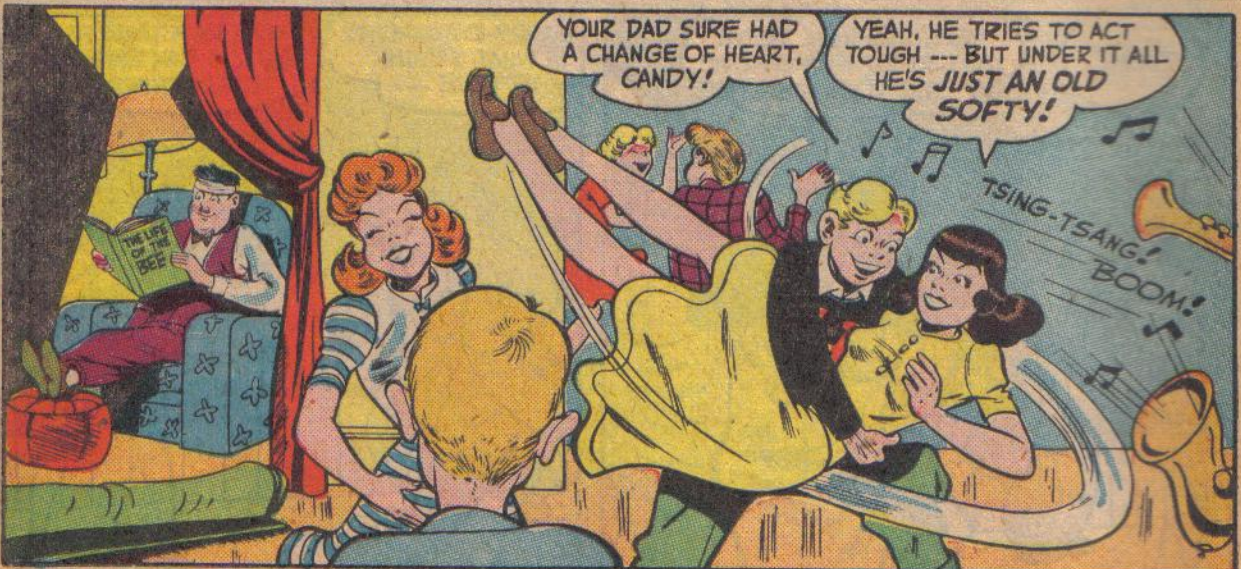


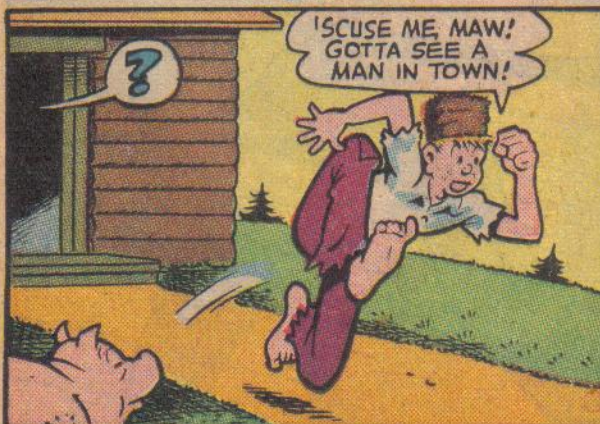






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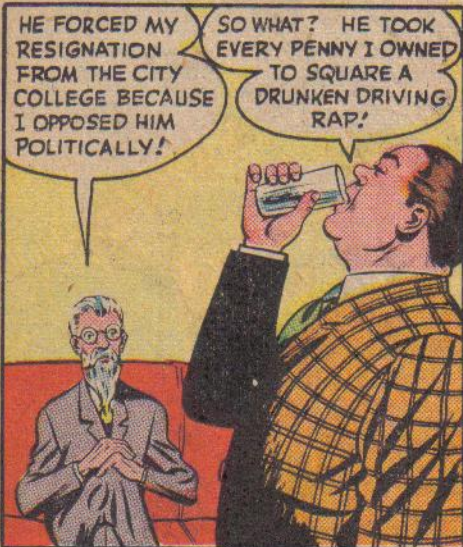
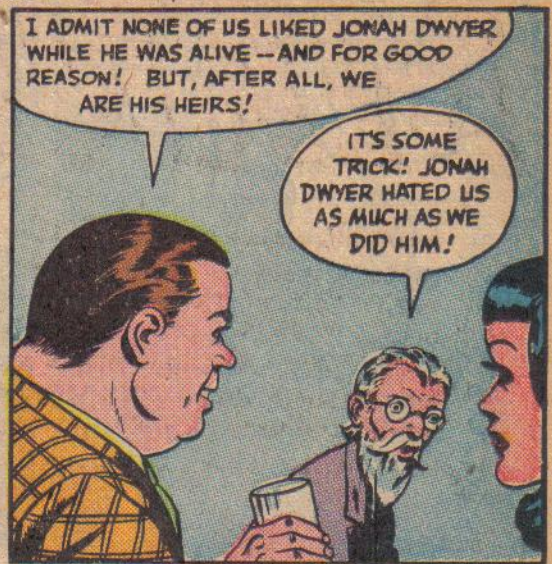
POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER

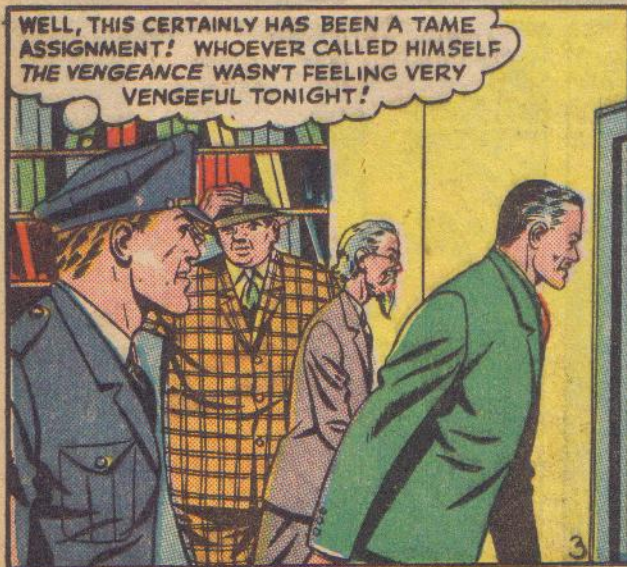
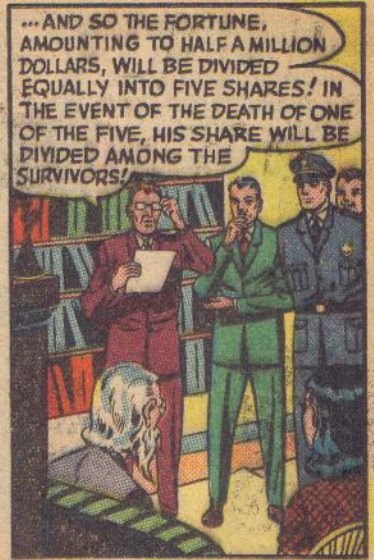
From different walks of life they came... the five heirs to the one-time political leader, Jonah Dwyer's strange will! Each of them had reason to hate the man whose fortune they were about to share!

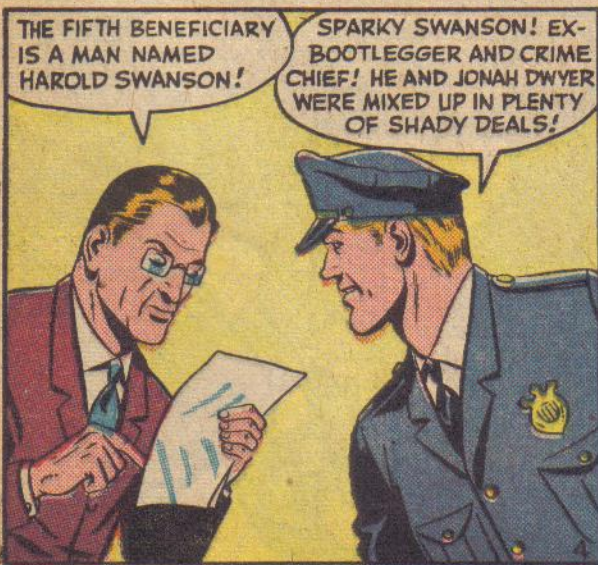
DEATH made them allies against the queer killer who called himself *THE VENGEANCE*... who could strike and vanish without a trace!



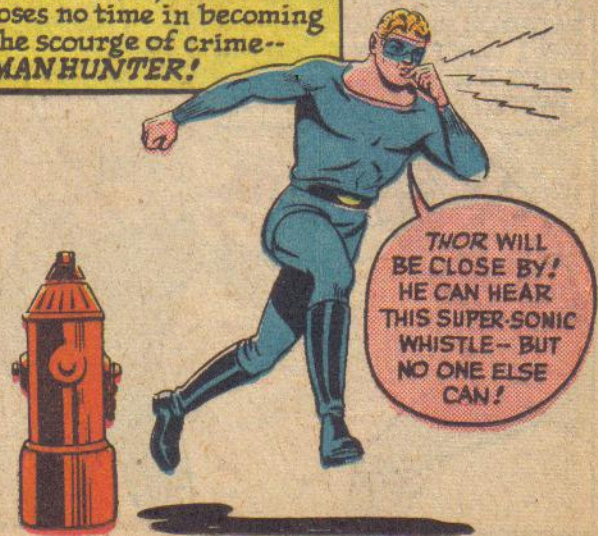


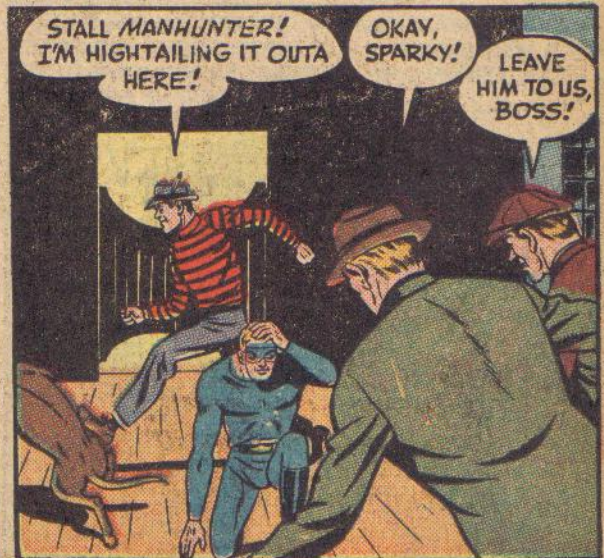
POLICE COMICS



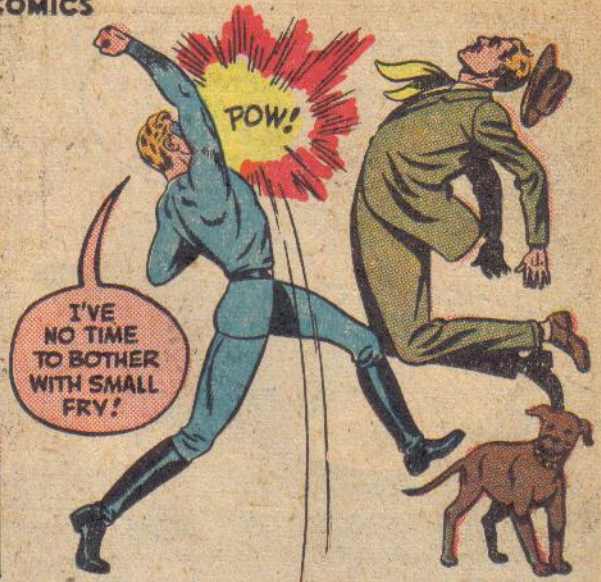
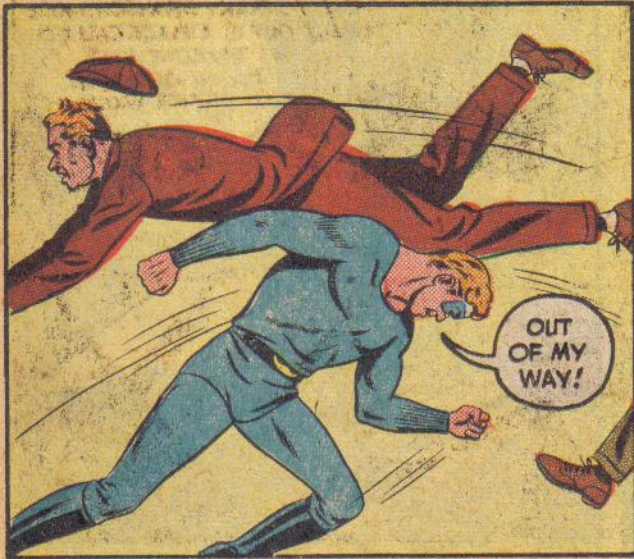


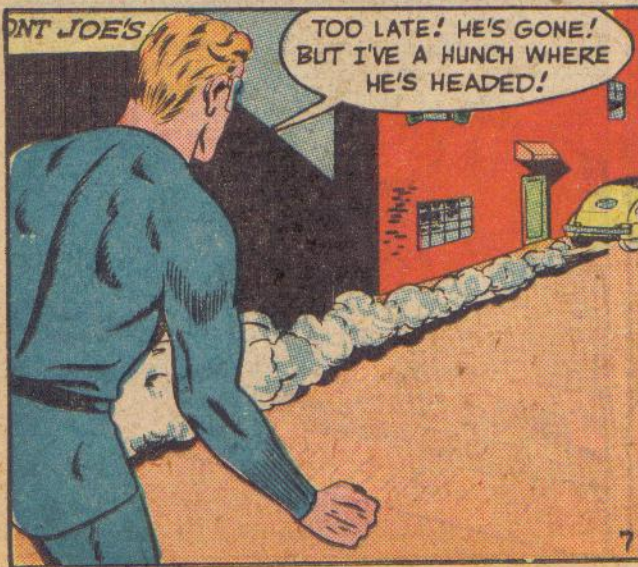
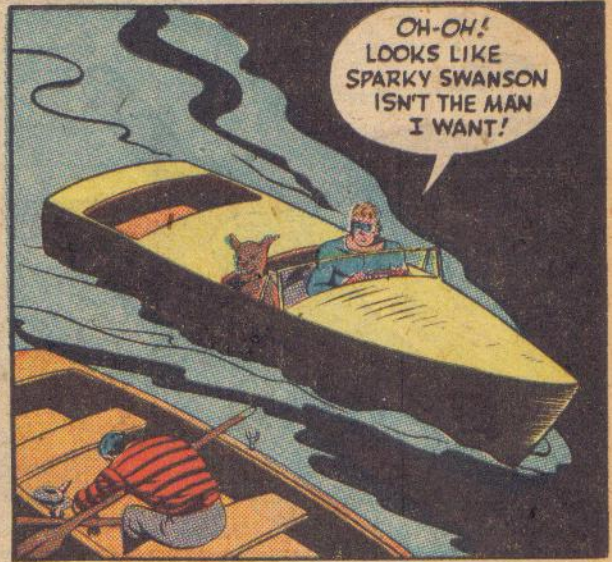
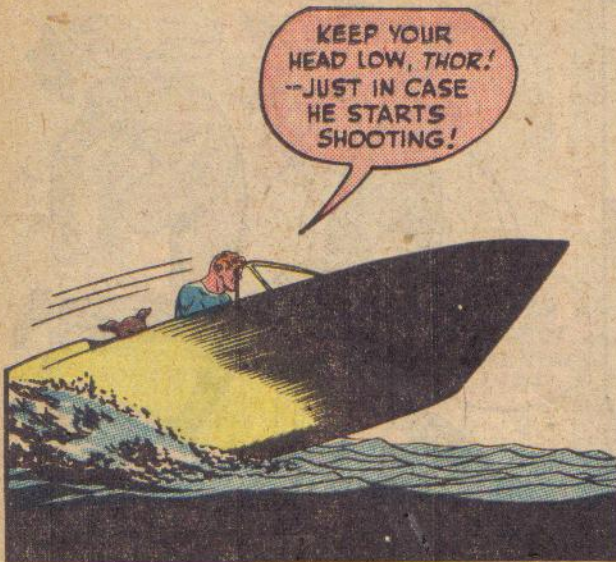
Once outside, Dan Richards loses no time in becoming the scourge of crime--
MANHUNTER!





POLICE COMICS

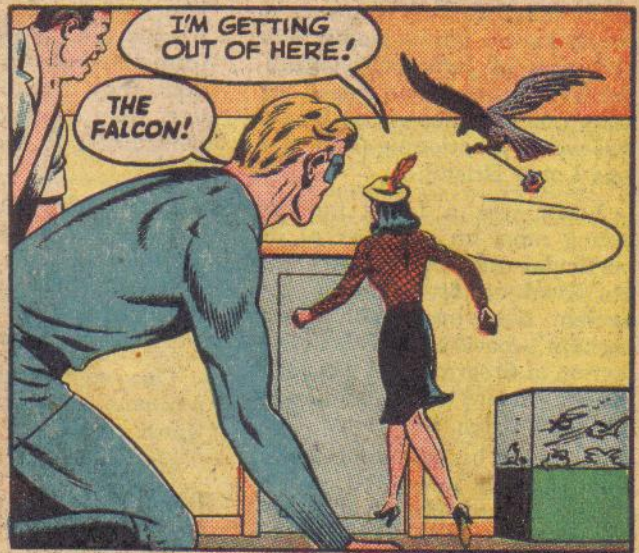
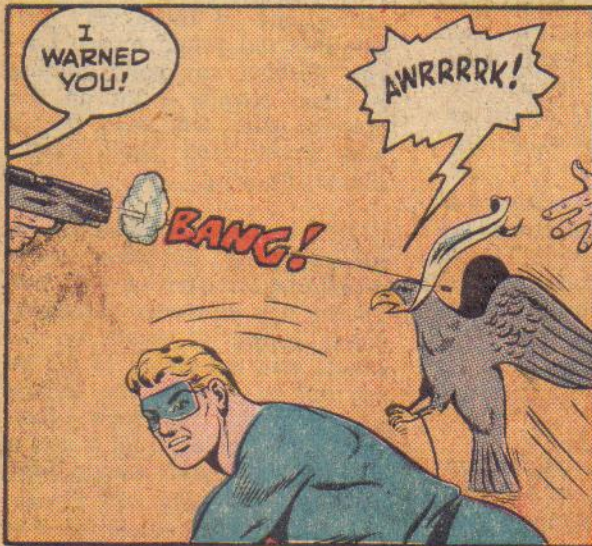
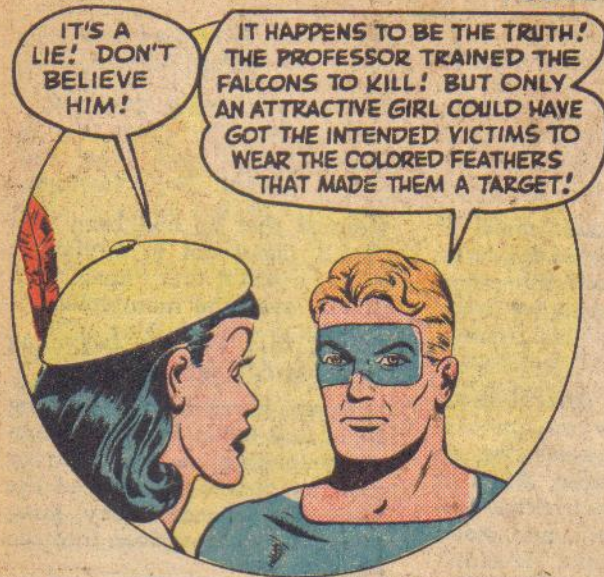




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



Bristol House GHOST

HUGE old cypresses, shrouded with grayish moss, stood in the dismal march like ancient men ankle deep in the mire. They had stood thus for centuries. And almost as long had stood Bristol House, an unsightly creation of brick and wide boards.

The history of Bristol House was unsavory. From the time it was built in Revolutionary days, it had harbored remnants of Jeremiah Bristol, who was no credit to the family name. Nor had most of Jeremiah's antecedents been much to speak of. Only one member of the family was worth mentioning. That one was Lorry Bristol.

Lorry was a fairly modern young man, an architect of no particular note, but a good chap. He lived almost alone in the ancient, decaying manor, where he kept a pack of hounds, a collection of firearms, and a rickety drawing board that seldom saw a sketch from his pencil.

It might be said that Lorry wasn't much interested in the good things of life, if you measure them by fine clothes and modern household conveniences. Lorry seemed satisfied to live—and let live.

When some geologist found a bubbling spring on the edge of the Bristol plantation, and decided its blackish flow was occasioned by a high oil content, Lorry showed no great enthusiasm. He had known oil was present in the loamy acres of the plantation.

An Eastern oil syndicate fought hard to buy a lease from Lorry, but eventually he gave in. And one day he found himself the possessor of so much money that he was staggered. He didn't know what to do with it. One thing, however, he decided on: he would build a wing

onto the old house, make it painfully modern, and that way discover for himself if he had been missing anything by living in the antiquity his friends scoffed at.

So Lorry took several thousands of his new dollara and built a sparkling west wing on the big brick house, filled it with every known trick device, ultra-ultra furniture, and stood off to view the result. He didn't like it at all. But his few friends did. Whereas they had formerly shunned the old house, now they flocked to use this vast play room and costly appointments to the best of their ability.

In this new-found mingling of people, Lorry began to take a more interested attitude. He decided that he had been a bit lonely living in the old house with its ugly memories.

One night during a party, someone suggested throwing a 'ghost party.'

"Of course," said the brilliant one, "this house is, or has been at some time, haunted, eh?"

Lorry smiled. "Hardly, at least now. Oh, many years ago I believe there was a local story of its being haunted, as the saying goes; but I forget just what it was."

The other was persistent. "Can't you go through some old records and dig up the story?"

Lorry said that he would do his best. For the next few days he pored over old books and written relics which the ancient house library boasted. And he did come upon the story of the "Bristol Ghost." It seems that old Jeremiah's brother, John, had met a foul death in the house shortly after the turn of the 19th century. His murderer had never been found. It was

claimed that he had been shot "by a pistol not in anybody's hand; a pistol that 'hung, with others, over the mantelpiece.'"

And that was the beginning of a weird tragedy.

Lorry hurried to the living room and stood for a long moment looking at the score or more of pistols that graced the huge mantelpiece. They hung on wooden pegs driven into the plaster.

"So, one of those very pistols shot old John," mused Lorry. "Without any hand holding it. That sounds a bit on the colorful side. Oh, well, there's our 'ghost' and that should please the gang."

Dick Mace, nationally famous young detective and criminologist, arrived in town on the 4th of November. Having a couple of weeks on his hands, and not much to do, he set out to explore the village and environs. He went afoot, and a few miles from town, a blinding downpour caught him.

There was only one habitation near, and he made for it at a run. He dashed up on the big porch and jerked the heavy brass knocker. Lorry answered the knock and invited Dick inside.

"Say," cried young Mace, "this is luck. I thought for a time I was due for a real drenching."

Lorry insisted that he change clothes and don some of his own dry ones. Dick accepted. The two sat for an hour chatting, while the storm grew worse. As a result, Dick stayed the night, enjoying every minute of it. Lorry was a good host. Dick heard the tale of the Bristol ghost and was invited to attend the party a week hence.

The next forenoon he took

POLICE COMICS

his leave, promising to show up for the ghost party.

The day before the evening of the party had been bright and hot. Real 'down South' weather. Dick felt he would have a lot of fun. It had been a long time since he had indulged himself in some good solid fun.

The party went off well, although Dick noticed restraint on the part of two of the guests; young Jensen, who had suggested to Lorry putting on the ghost party, and Hale Cook, uncle of Jensen, and wealthy banker of the town. The two hated each other.

In all the games played, it was apparent that these two had little time for each other. Jensen was a rugged, loud youth, with ready laughter. Cook was on the morose side, seeing little in any prank to make him crack a smile.

"Old Moneybags" was the name most of the guests had for Cook. It fitted well, Dick thought.

Before the party had got well under way, it began raining. In a half hour a terrific storm lashed at the old house, hurling great gusts of wind down the chimneys, making the wood fires leap and sizzle. There was no going home for anyone that night. But there was plenty of room in the house for all. It contained at least six bedrooms.

Dick found himself about midnight ensconced in a north corner room over the living room. He was tired and quickly fell asleep. But not long afterward something caused him to sit up in bed and listen. The storm had died down, but a drizzle still fell.

Then Dick heard it, a light tapping downstairs. He immediately thought of the 'ghost' of the Bristols. And grinned. But there it went again, a light tap-tap. Dick got up quietly, crossed the room and pulled open his door. The tapping seemed hardly louder. He went

into the cold hall to the head of the stairs. And then it happened. A plank creaked underfoot. The tapping ceased instantly. Dick went back to his room and to bed. Whatever it was, the creaking board had stopped it.

He thought nothing more about the nightly visitant, and over coffee and scrambled eggs, the thought of any form of ghost was silly. But Dick wondered just what had caused that tapping noise.

Gradually everybody showed in the dining room and it was a fairly jolly breakfast, except for old Cook and young Jensen. They didn't speak to each other.

While the sun shone brightly, the road into Bristol House was impassable, a foot deep with thick gumbo mud. Everyone would have to be content to wait until the sun had dried up some of the moisture. Cars would have mired in that drive to their running boards.

Directly after breakfast, Cook asked Lorry if he might use the typewriter in the living room for a few minutes—to "get off a few important letters."

The young man showed him to the desk at a far corner of the room, placed paper beside him and left him.

Jensen, when he was told that his uncle was typing, sneered. "The old coot's forever writing letters. No matter where he goes he has to write a half dozen letters. Bats, if you ask me."

About ten o'clock, when most of the young men were in the library looking at some of the priceless books of the ancient collection, a shot roared through the house.

"Good gosh!" cried Lorry. "It came from the living room!"

They all raced into the next room. A heavy pall of blue smoke hung over the room. Old man Cook lay in back of the typing desk, sprawled grotesquely on the floor. A small

hole pitted the middle of his forehead. Blood formed in a pool on the faded carpet.

"Shot!" someone gasped. "But how? Nobody was in here."

"Look!" exclaimed Lorry, hurrying to the mantel. Smoke still curled from the muzzle of a long-barreled pistol. "That gun—it shot him! But how—Oh, gosh!"

Dick nodded understandingly. "The ghost story of old John Bristol, you mean. Yes, it looks like the thing repeated itself."

Everybody was dazed at the turn of events. They looked the lethal gun over carefully. It hung on three pegs. Nobody had touched it.

Dick remembered something. He said, "Better call the police and we'll see what we can see in the meantime. The gun didn't fire itself."

Jensen said mockingly, "So the great detective doesn't believe in ghosts!"

Dick smiled, shaking his head. "Afraid not, Jensen. *Something* pulled that trigger."

Jensen smirked. Dick went on, "Those old guns, when the hammer was cocked, became a hair-trigger thing. It takes only a slight touch to fire them. Now that gun had to be jarred ahead very slightly on its peg—the one holding the trigger guard—to make it fire." He went to the mantel. Pulled out a loose brick and pointed inside the opening.

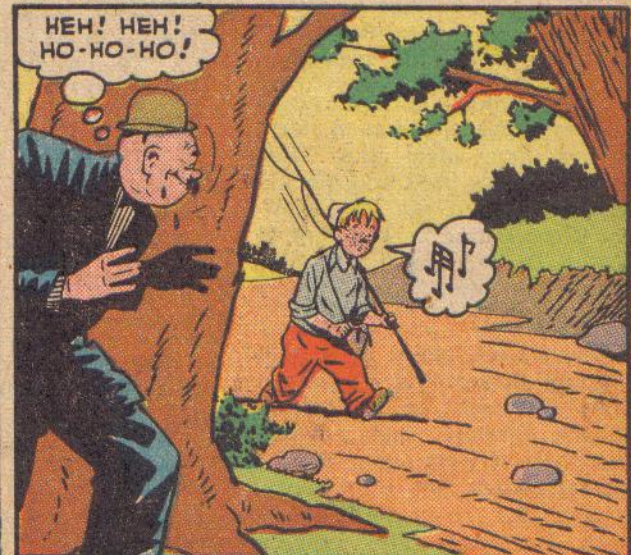
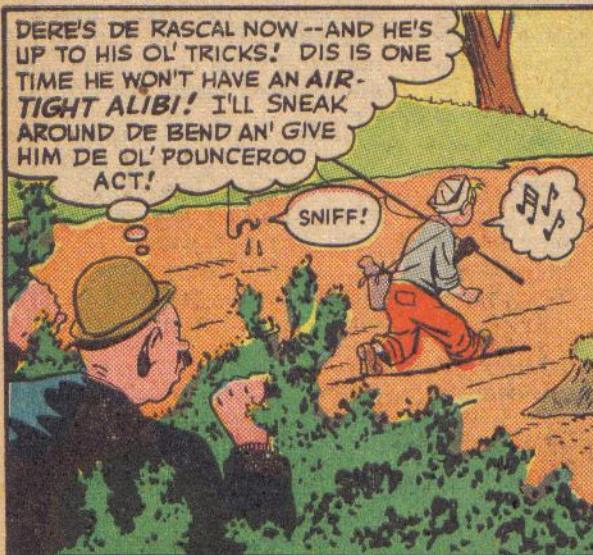
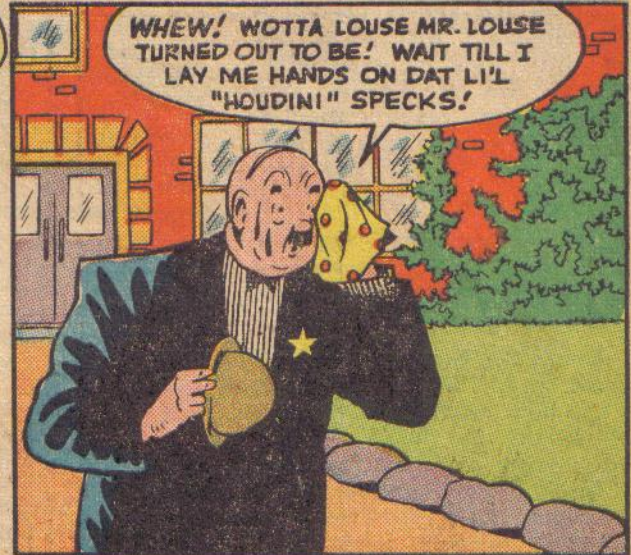
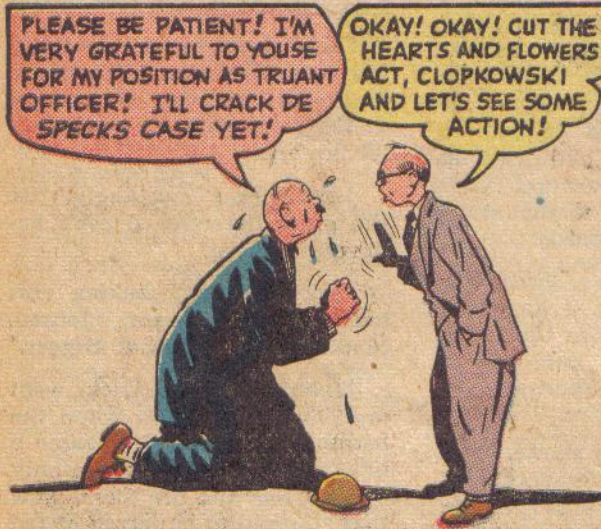
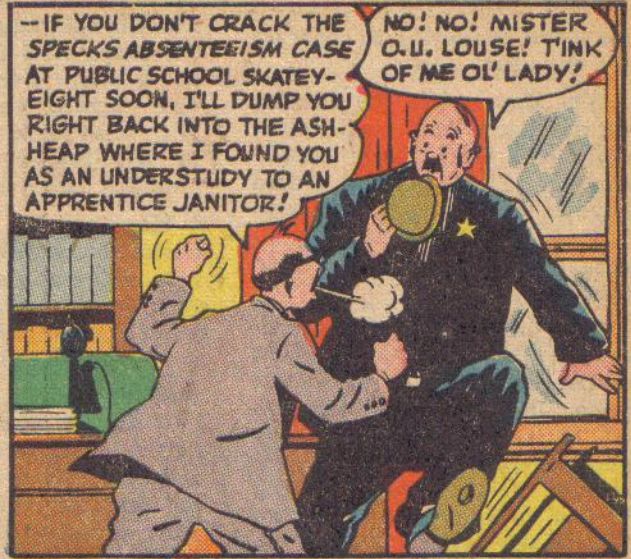
"Like I thought, there is a small electro-magnet in there, attached to two fine wires which run to a button and battery. The gun was lined up to air directly at anyone sitting at that typing table. Yod, Jensen, arranged things last night. I heard you."

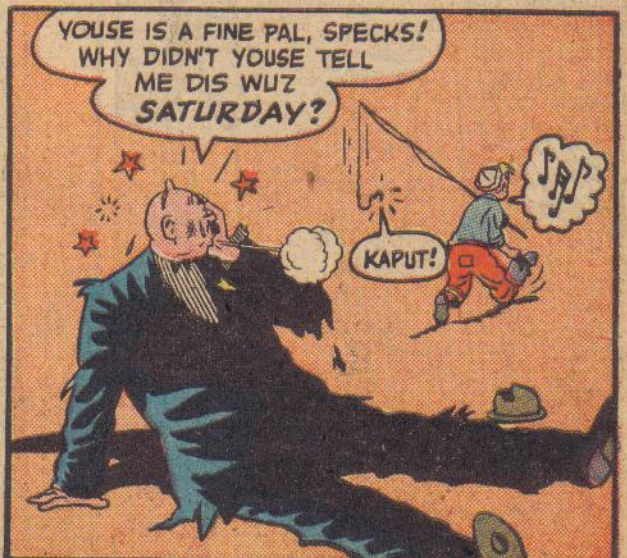
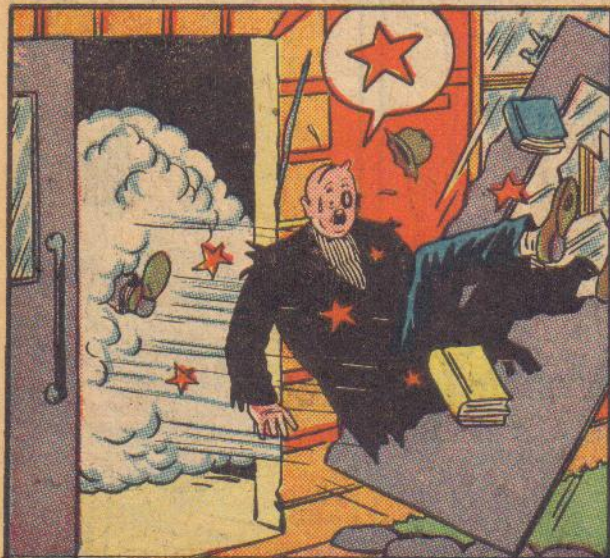
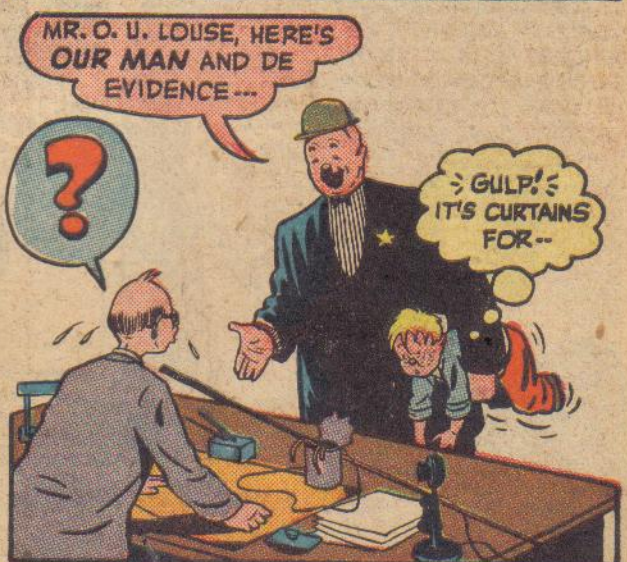
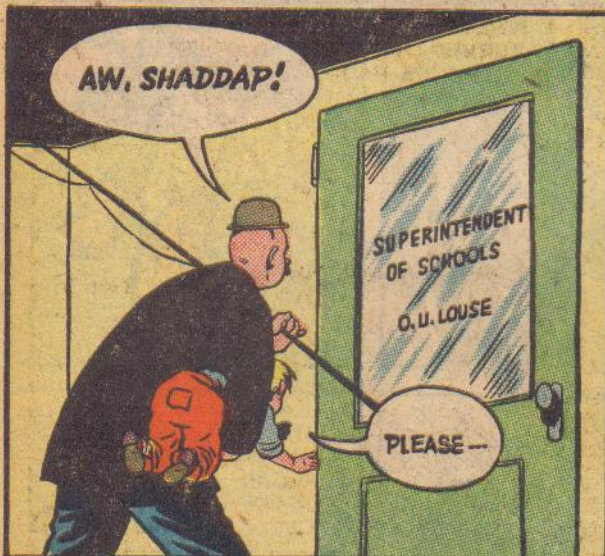
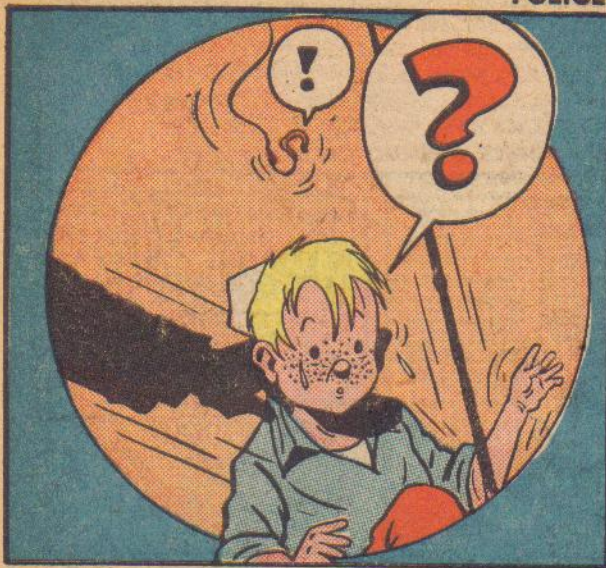
Jensen blew up. "Prove it!" he shouted. "Prove it, shamus!"

Dick smiled. "I can, Jensen. I found the button. On it I found a fingerprint—yours, I'm fairly certain. We'll see when the police come."

SPECKS

By M. SENICH







WHY WE COME
HEAH, SO FAR
FROM CENTRAL
CITY, MIST'
SPIRIT BOSS?

BECAUSE
THE CENTRAL
CITY POLICE
HAVE NO
AUTHORITY
TO FOLLOW
**BIG JAKE
GOOLEY**
BEYOND THE
CITY LIMITS,
EBONY! BUT
WE CAN!



YOU LIVE AROUND
HERE? WE CAME
TO FIND **BIG
JAKE GOOLEY!**

GOOLEY?
GUY ABOUT
HALF A HEAD
TALLER'N
YOU?...
**SWAMP
GOT HIM!**



YOU MEAN HE
NEVER CAME
BACK OUT OF
IT? WHY
IS IT CALLED
**DIAMOND
SWAMP?**

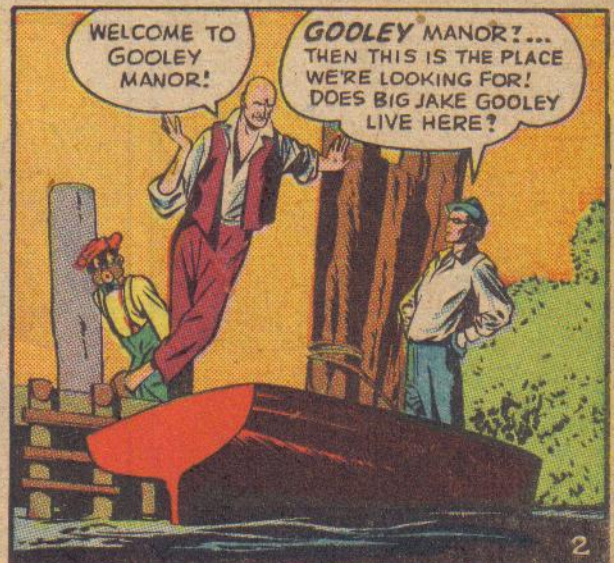
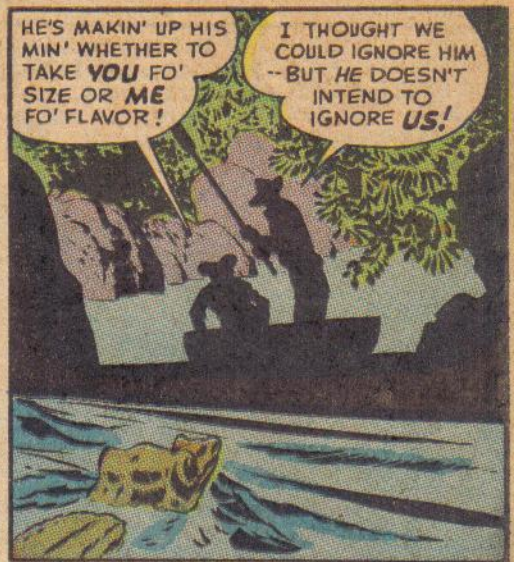
I HEAR
TELL THEY'S
DIAMONDS
IN IT!...
PLENTY GO
SEE--BUT
NEVER COME
BACK!

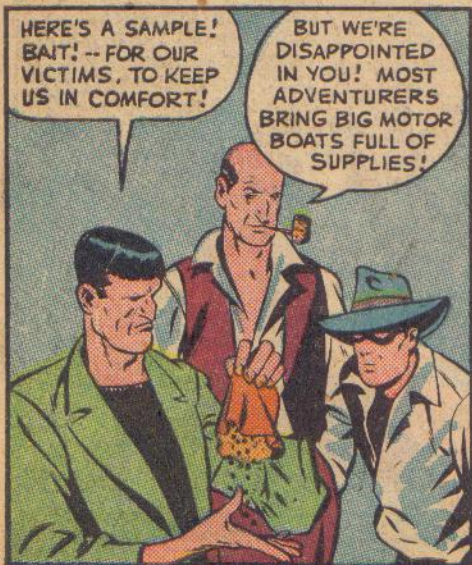


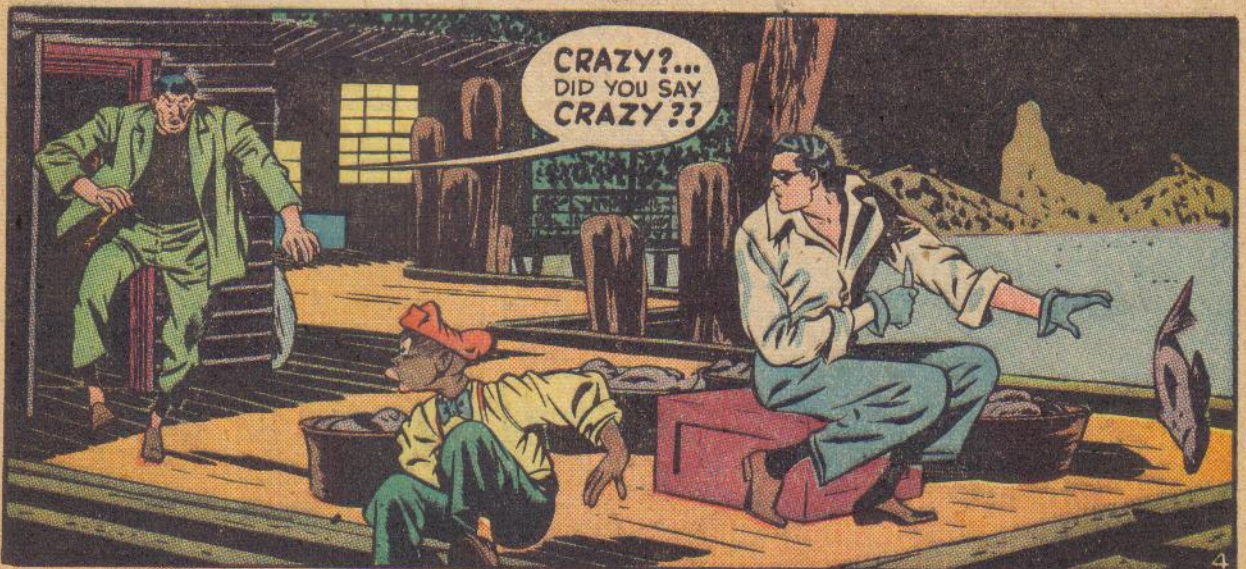
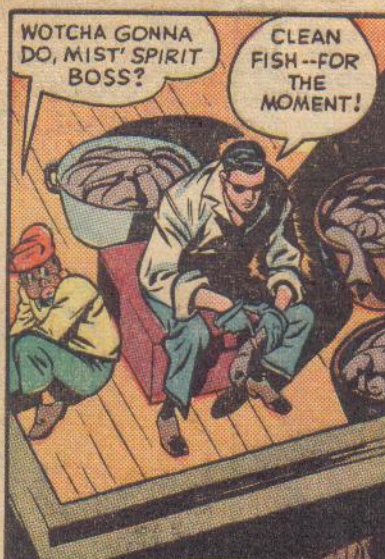
WILL YOU
RENT ME
YOUR BOAT
SO I CAN
LOOK FOR
GOOLEY?

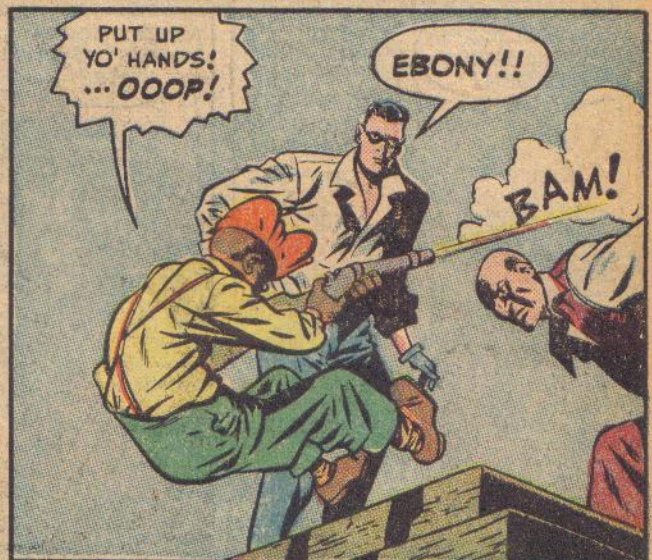
NOPE! I'LL
SELL IT TO
YOU -- CUZ
I DON' NEVER
EXPECT TO
SEE IT OR YOU
AGIN!

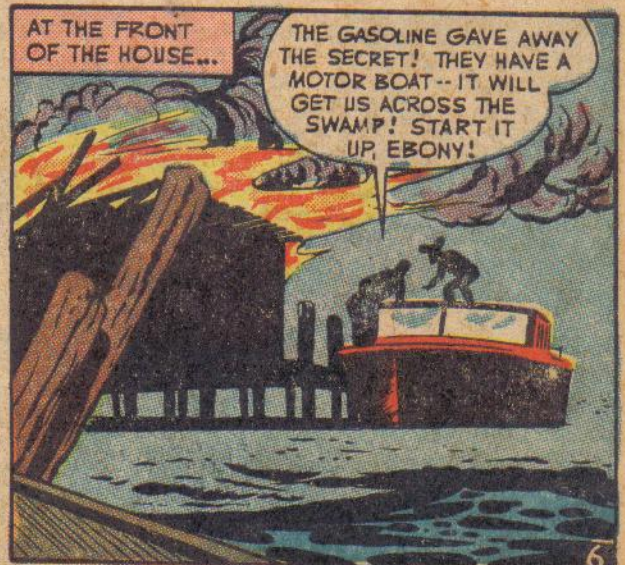
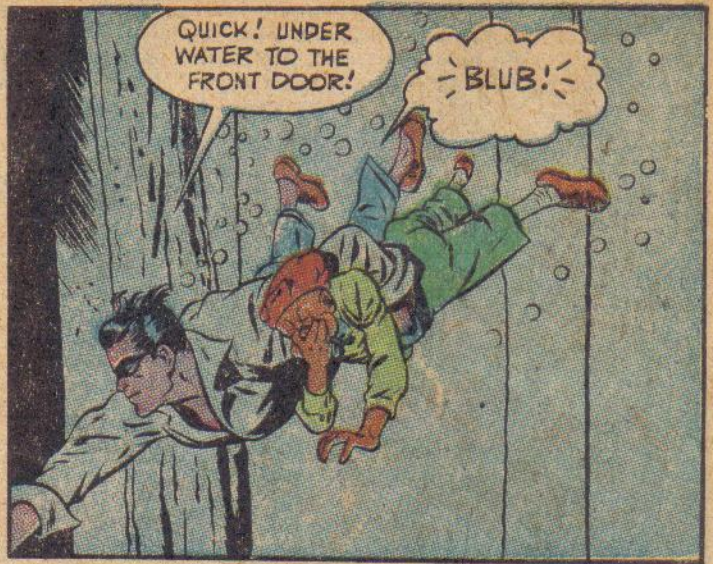




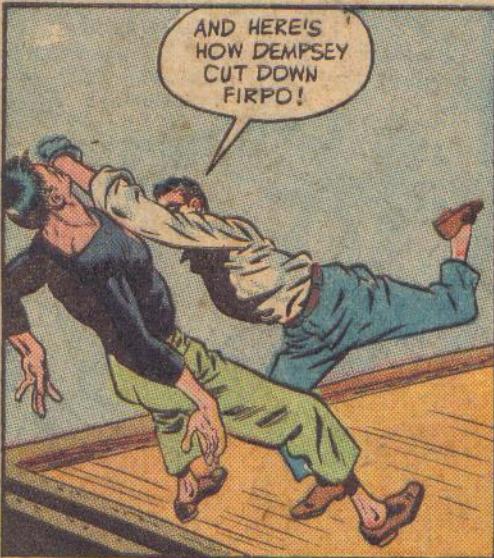
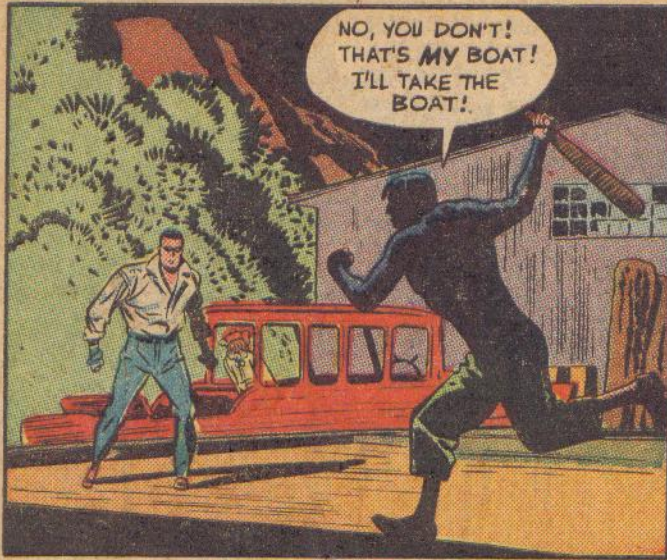








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ANNOUNCING!

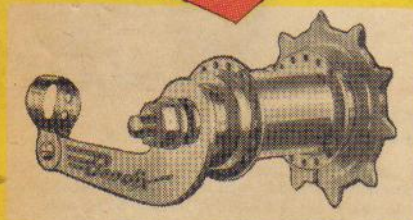
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What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**



Let Me Make **YOU** a **NEW MAN** —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-G, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-G, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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